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J. Capone — COMMENTATIONES

AD CHAUCERUM — Accedunt: ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

ΣΥΡΑΚΟΥΣΕΙΑΙ Η ΑΔΩΝΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ ΙΕ'. ΟΔΥΣ-

ΣΕΙΑΣ Θ. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΩΣ ΣΥΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΦΑΙΑΚΑΣ. ΑΡΙΣΤΟ-

ΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΣΦΗΚΕΣ, ΙΠΠΗΣ, ΘΕΣΜΟΦΟΡΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ

Ε. ΔΙΟΣ ΑΠΑΘΗ. † † † † † † † † † †

I.

*Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra poetam,
cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.*

Linguam qui patriam redegit illam in formam.

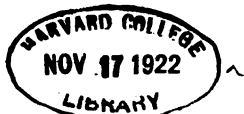
Leland

Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse

Alexander Smith

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Hayes fund
(2 vols)

*My maister, Chaucer, with his fressh comedies,
Chancer, mio maestro, con le sue fresche comedie,
is dead alas! chefe poete of Bretayne,
è morto ahimè! il primo poeta d'Inghilterra,
tha' sometyme made full pitous tragedies,
che talvolta vergò ben commoventi tragedie;
the fall of Princes he dyde also complayne,
la caduta di re egli pur lamentò,
as he that was of making soverayne,
come quegli ch'era ne la creazione sovrano,
whom all this lande of right oughte preferre,
e che l'Inghilterra aben ragione dovrebbe levare a cielo,
sihe of our langage he was the lode sterre.
lui che de la lingua inglese fu la stella polare.*

John Lydgato

To GIACOMO BARZELLOTTI,

Professore appoia B. Università di Napoli

Si

An introductory sketch of mine to the History of English Literature was published in the year 1898 at Gaeta, and followed in the year 1900 by its first volume — *Origins* — which I considered my duty, in grateful acknowledgment of your many proofs of sympathy and kindness, at the University of Naples, towards me, a young poor unknown scholar, to dedicate you with the following letter I reprint here for record of a happy time that will not be forgotten by me, even at the grave.

Illustre Professore, questo tenue opuscolo che tenta in piccioletta prosa, di rievocare in iscorcio, nel breve lampo d'una fugace visione storico-rappresentativa, di trarlo sdrucio de la fitta nuvolaglia che li attornia, li spiriti e le forme de la primitiva letteratura inglese, viene a recarle memore il saluto d'un suo antico affettuoso scolare.

Elta che, primo nell' Ateneo Napoletano, lasciò balenare al mio sguardo attonito il laborioso travaglio, a traverso cui letteratura e filosofia emergono, come Teti da l'Egeo, non vorrà, mi auguro, disdegnare queste povere pagine che, mostrando come in torvo aer greve balzi bollente d'igneo vigore, dal sottosuolo politico sociale, la letteratura anglica primitiva, fievole pur mormorano l'eco delle sue dotte geniali lucubrazioni intorno l'opera de la filosofia inglese che, venuta a la sua ora giusta, penetra, scosse, plasmò, dietro di sè traendo, come di lume fiammante un solco.

This is the eighth volume (1) of a series designed to tell, as exhaustively I can, the history of English Literature.

If I should have my own way, with such an aid as a town public library may afford, I could lastly finish this work so begun.

But, alas ! I am no longer able to continue it here at **Modica**, and the fulfilment of it, which is the chief task of my life, in my mature old years, entirely depends on being allowed, after so many years of professional service here, a cell in some other Royal Technical Institute in a larger town than **Modica**.

I trust, Sir, to your kind, earnest, hearty support, that is all what lies still before me of yearning and hope.

I am, Sir, yours very truly.

Modica, January 1st 1903.

G. Capone

-
- (1) I. *English Literature* — Sketches by Gino Capone — Gaeta, 1898,
II. *Art and Life* — Sketches by G. Capone — Gaeta, 1900.
III. *Storia della Letteratura inglese* — Le Origini — Gaeta, 1900.
IV. *Saggi di Storia della letteratura e filologia inglese* — Gaeta 1900.
V. *I poemi minori di Chaucer* — Saggio critico — Modica, 1900.
VI. *Letteratura comparata anglo-italiana* — Dante ne la Poesia inglese — Modica, 1900.
VII. *Prolegomeni alle novelle di Canterbury di Goffredo Chaucer* — Modica, 1901.
VIII. *Commentationes ad Chaucerum* — Modica, 1903.

All' Lettore,

..... se per avventura gli viene a le mani e, capilandogli, si curi di sfogliarlo e, sfogliandolo, arresti il suo sguardo, d'aquila o di lince che sia, su questo libriccino, chieggo venia de l'aver dovuto, per difetto d'ingegno e di biblioteche da consultare, far ciò che potetti meno male.

Memoro fugacemente quì in calce in ordine cronologico

[1] Prima edizione del Caxton, stampata senza titolo o data nel 1478.—Seconda edizione del Caxton stampata, come congettura M.r Blades, nel 1484.—Ristampa della stessa per opera di Wynken de Worde nel 1495. — Novella edizione dello stesso col « Trattato circa gli Dei e le Dee » del Lydgate nel 1498. — Ristampa de la seconda edizione del Caxton per Richard Pynson, senza data. — Novella Edizione per Richard Pynson con aggiunte, 1526. — Le opere di Chaucer per William Thynne, Th. Godfray, London, 1532.—Ristampa con « la novella del Bifolco » John Raynes, Londra, 1542. — Ristampa con « L'assedio di Tebe » di J. Lydgate per J. Stow, Londra, 1561. — Novella edizione col « Sogno » ed « Il fiore e la foglia » per Th. Specht, 1597. — Ristampe successive: Londra, Adam Islip, 1602. Londra, 1687, folio. — Nuova Edizione con tre novelle aggiunte per John Urry, Londra, 1721. — Edizioni successive pel D.r Thomas Morell, 1737, e per G. Ogle, 1741. — Nuova edizione delle novelle di Canterbury per Thomas Tyrwhitt, Londra, 1775-8. — Ristampe successive, 1798-1822-1830-1845, ed e-

le varie Edizioni Chauceriane a me note [1] ed i pochi altri libri, omessi nel precedente saggio di Bibliografia Chauceriana, di cui mi giovai [2].

Nel levare infine la mano da questo breve studio critico-esegetico-filologico, mi sia lecito notare che, sebbene finito di pubblicare solo oggi, desso fu da tempo parecchio iniziato e la prima parte finita di stampare, prima che mi fosse dato di leggere il pregevole volume del D.r C. Chiarini.

Ora io non dissimulo che il volume del D.r C. Chiarini

dizioni successive curate da N. Harris, 1845, da T. Wright, 1847, dal D.r Morris, 1866 — Edizione principe, dove mettono capo tutte le altre successive, del testo di sei manoscritti, a colonne parallele, cioè: l' Ellesmere, l' Hengwrt, il Cambridge Univ. Lib., il Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford, il Petworth, il Lansdowne, curata da Frederick J. Furnivall, Cambridge, 1864-7.

[2] **Baret** - Les Troubadours et leur influence sur la littérature ecc. — **Bartoli** - I precursori del Boccaccio, Firenze, 1876. — **Chiarini** - Dalle Novelle di Canterbury, Bologna, 1897. — **Craik** - History of English Literature, London, 1895. — **Dunlop** - History of Prose Fiction, London, 1868. — **Hortis** - Studio su le opere latine del Boccaccio. — **Landau** - Die Quellen des Decameron. — **Longfellow** - Poetical Works, London. — **Mammoth** - G. Chaucer, seine Zeit and seine Abhängigkeit von Boccaccio, Berlin, 1872. — **Macaulay** - History of England, Leipzig — **Ritson** - Metrical romances — **Rogers** - The economic interpretation of history, 1894 — **Ruskin** - Modern Painters, London 1898. — **Varnhagen** - Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn and ihre Quellen, 1884 — **Ward H.** - Notes to the six text edition of the Canterbury Tales — **Warton** - History of English Poetry,

avrebbe conferito ad una più retta e sicura intelligenza ed interpretazione del testo e mi parrebbe peggio che ingiusto ora, se qui in calce non noterassi i passi che credo egli abbia tradotto meglio di me [3].

Questo breve volumetto fa seguito al mio saggio critico « I poemi minori di Goffredo Chaucer » che ormai dopo due anni, da che fu pubblicato, a detergerlo da una cotale gromma di vecchiume, andrebbe ritoccato, corretto o magari rifatto di pianta.

Ne tocco incidentalmente, non perchè presuma qui rabberciarlo, ma sol per notare che circa l'autenticità di alcuni

London, 1896.— **Westenholz**—Die Grieseldissage in der Literatur Geschichte— **Wesselofsky** — Griselda.— **Wright** — Aneidota literaria.

- [3] 1 verso — shoures [showers] traduce: piogge.
 6 " — inspired hath " sfiora.
 76 " — bismotered [besmuttered] " macchiata dalla ruggine.
 60 " — aryve [armee] " armate.
 [M.r Skeat però nota che non dà buon senso e deriva forse da falsa grafia.]
 104 " — a sheef of pocok ecc. " un fascio di frecce adorne di penne di pavone.
 151 " — pynched [pleated] " appuntato.
 M.r Taine traduce: «sa guimpe est bien ajustée»
 192 " — for no cost wolde he spare—traduce: non ci avrebbe rinunciato ad alcun costo.
 202 " — aforneys of a leed—traduce: camino d'una fornace.
 205 " —as a forpynd goost—traduce: l'animo tormentato.
 Io, più letteralmente, traduco: come uno spettro cruciato.

passi della traslazione Chauceriana del Romanzo de la Rosa è surto anche a me — a misura che son venuta rileggendola e, dirò così, centellinandola — qualche dubbio.

Dessa, a cominciare ad un dipresso dal verso 1705 — giusta l'avviso di Skeat e Kaluza — fino al verso 5810, non appartiene al Chaucer. Mark H. Liddel la ritiene un'interpolazione d'uno scrittore nordico posteriore. Però, ne la « Leggenda de le buone donne » — verso 441 — si accenna chiaramente ad un brano contenuto infra i versi 4252-4266 — il che mostrerebbe che almeno fino a quel punto il Chaucer fosse giunto nella versione.

Tanto dico che possa tornare in men biasimo di me e del mio qualunqueasi volumetto.

Schiaffato qui, senza mia aspettazione o richiesta, ad insegnare quel tanto di grammatica inglese che si reputa possa bastare a giovani licenziati de l'istituto tecnico; io potrei tirar via, come molti fanno, e starmene con le mani in mano, durante le lunghe intermesse ore d'ozio scolastico, o magari potrei fare l'avvocato o il cavadenti — ci guadagnerei almeno qualcosa. Io no. Preferisco scioccamente ostinarmi a scrivere di letteratura e filologia per gente che ha ben altro pel capo, che non ci bada affatto, che vuole soprattutto non rodersi il capo, pensando.

Egli è come se altri si pigliasse la scesa di capo di far ingollare un buon grosso boccone di risotto con tartufi a Cinesi che sogliono mangiare il riso con lo stecchino.

Vale, lettore mio paziente e benevolo, e grazie del tuo interessamento per studi che il governo che pur dovrebbe, è impotente, non dirò a sovvenire, ma a promuovere ed accalorare.

Modica, li 30 Gennaio 1902.

Gino Capone

COMMENTATIONES CHAUCERIANÆ



ἦ ῥά νιν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,
Well the Muses and the Delian Apollo loved him,
ὥς ἐμμελής τ' ἔγεντο κήπιδέξιός
as he delicious and skilful was
ἔπεά τε ποιεῖν
to poetize

Εἰς Ἀρχίλοχον. 16'—Θεοκρίτου Ἐπιγράμματα.

And I come after, glenying here and there,
 Ed io vengo dopo, spigolando qua e là,
And am ful glad if I may rynde an ere
 lieto, se m'avviene di svegliare un'eco dormente
of any goodly word that ye han left.
 di qualche buona parola da voi lasciata.

Chaucer—Prologue to the Legend of good women

Second Version B—75-77.

εἴαρι χρυσεῖω, κρυερῶν νεφέων ἐλατῆρι,
 in the golden spring — the cold clouds 'driver—

ὁππότε γαῖα βροτοῖσι φυτηχομέουσι γέγηθεν
 when earth to men, fond of plantations, is glad,
 ὕππότε καὶ καλύκεσσι καὶ ἄνθεσιν ἄμματα λύει.
 when it both to calyces and flowers the bonds opens.

Οππιάνου κυνηγετικῶν, βιβλίον πρῶτον—119-122-3

And if it hap that

E se avviene

my mas'er, Geoffrey Chaucer, thou meet,
 ch'il mio maestro, Goffredo Chaucer, tu abbia ad incontrare,

then . . . speak the words:

allora, dì le parole:

O mas'er, o thou great of heart and tongue . . .

O maestro, o tu grande di cuore e lingua . . .

William Morris, Poems.

I

Vividly significant, Chaucer's prologue opens with a cheerful spring-tide picture — cool and fresh and fragrant.—

Curious weft of many a gay, sensuous pagan thread — (rain-awakened flowers (1), and waters rejoicing, ærial hue, nature charms — mixed with a pervading vein of religious feeling) — Chaucer's prologue lulls and gratifies both our imagination and senses.

I cannot find anything more wholesomely living, more full of pleasure loving spirit and physical power to compare to Chaucer's prologue than the fifteenth Idyll of Theocrit.

Both fall of themselves into the dramatic, and a striking common levity of humour, and joy of homely life are utterly noticeable, and a naturalness too in such a way, as you do not perceive any strain of premeditated art at all.

I will give them both in english prose, keeping still closely to the text, and adding, by and by, a few tags to fill the corners out and a few explanatory foot-notes — literary and philological. —

Short and simple is the subject of Theocrit's Idyll, neatly showing the peculiar temper, in which it was written — a sharp sensitiveness to the smiling loveliness of nature — a by no means unimaginative sensuality and fondness of wealthy, inexhaustible, homely pleasures—no grievous thought, no future fore-sorrow for coming days, but a fluent light of joy, wholesomeness and hope.—

A Syracusan woman, Gorgo by name, animated with religious feeling, comes over to her friend Praxinoë's abode, to fetch her out, and lead her to King Ptolomey's golden mansion.

(1) Shelley — *To a skylark*.

Thus the idyll runs, the two women talking lightly:

Γόργω — Ἐνδοῖ Πραξινοῶ;

Gorgo — Is Praxinoe at home?

Πραξινοῶ — Γορροῖ φίλα, ὡς χρόνῳ ἐνδοῖ.

Praxinoe — Gorgo dear, at length. Lo! here I am.

Θαῦμα ὅτι καὶ νῦν ἦνθες. ὄρη δίφρον, Εὐνόα, αὐτᾷ.

Strange thou came just now. Fetch her a chair, Eunoe.

ἔμβαλε καὶ ποτίκρανον.

* and a pad too.

Γόργω — ἔχει κάλλιστα.

Gorgo — I am cushioned already.

Πραξινοῶ — κασιζευ.

Praxinoe — Sit down.

Γόργω — ὦ τᾷς ἀλεμάτω ψυχᾷς· μόλις ὕμμιν ἐσώθην,

Gorgo — O vain soul! hardly unto thee I escaped,

Πραξινοῶ, πολλῶ μὲν ὄχλῳ, πολλῶν δὲ τεθρίππων.

Praxinoe, across the streaming throng, and many chariots.

παντᾶ κρηπίδες, παντᾷ χλαμυδηφόροι ἄνδρες.

Everywhere boots, everywhere chlamidate men;

ἀ δ' ὁδὸς ἄτρυτος, τὴ δ' ἐκαστοτέρῳ ἔμ' ἀποικεῖς.

the road cannot be crossed, thou too far off from me abidest.

Πραξινοῶ — Ταῦθ' ὁ πάραρος τῆνος ἐπ' ἔσχατα γᾶς

ἔλκβ' ἐνθῶν

Praxinoe — Therefore that mad-brain to the end of the earth

led me,

ἰλεόν, οὐκ οἴκησιν, ὅπως μὴ γείτονες ὦμες

to a cavern, not to a house, lest we might be neighbours

ἀλλάλαις, ποτ' ἔριν, φθονερὸν κακόν, αἰὲν ὁμοῖος.

each other, as to scuffle, envious evil, always the same.

Γόργω — μὴ λέγε τὸν τεὸν ἄνδρα, φίλα, Δίνωνα, τοιαῦτα

Gorgo — Abuse not thy husband, dear, Dinon, so,

τῷ μικρῷ παρεόντος· ὄρη, γύναι, ὡς ποθορῇ τυ.

the child being present: see, dearest, how it stares thee.

Θάρσει, ζωπυρίων, γλυκερὸν τέκος. οὐ λέγει ἀπρύν.

Cheer up, Zopyrio, mellow child, she is not talking of papa.

Πραξινοά — αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρέφος, ναὶ τὰν πότνιαν.

Praxinoe — Does the child hear, by the venerable Proserpine!

Γόργω — καλὸς ἀπρὺς.

Gorgo — Pretty papa!

Πραξινοά — ἀπρὺς μὲν τῆνος πρώαν (λέγομεν τὰ πρώαν. θην

Praxinoe — Such a papa, the day before yesterday, going

πάντα) νίτρον καὶ φῦκος ἀπὸ σκανᾶς ἀγοράσδων

soap and rouge a-shopping,

κῆνθε φέρων ἄλας ἄμμιν, ἀνὴρ τρισκαιδεκάπαχος.

came back bringing salt home, man thirteen cubits thick.

Γόργω — Χώμὸς ταυτῇ ἔχει, φθόρος· ἀργυρίω, Διοκλειδᾶς·

Gorgo — Mine is much the same, money destroyer, Diocleis.

ἐπταδράχμῳς κυνάδας, γραιῶν ἀπότιλματα πηρᾶν,

Did he not buy septem drachmas of dog hair, old wallets' leather,

πέντε πόκως ἔλαβ' ἐχθές, ἅπαν ρύπον ἔργον ἐπ' ἔργῳ.

and five woolfells yesterday, all stinginess, toilsome work.

ἀλλ' ἴθι, τῷμπέχονον καὶ τὰν περονατρίδα λάξου.

But come on, take the pallium and the buckled tunic;

βῶμεν τῷ βασιλῆος ἐς ἀφνειῷ Πτολεμείῳ,

let us go to the rich king Ptolomey's palace,

θασόμεναι τὸν Ἀδωνιν· ἀκούω χρῆμα καλὸν τι

and see Adonis. I hear him with magnificent gifts

* *ἱαστοτέρω* — may be a word from *Sophrone*.

(See Valcken. in *Adonias* page 200 or 17 § Ed. Heind.)

Wordsworth puts forth *ἐμ* (ἐν-α-up) instead of *ἐμ'* (far off from me).

κοσμεῖν τὴν βασιλίссαν.

ornamented by the Queen.

Πραξινοά — Ἐν ολβίῳ ὄλβια πάντα.

Praxinoe — In rich people's mansion rich all.

Γόργω — ὦν ἴδες, ὦν εἶπες καὶ ἰδοῖσα τυ τῷ μὴ ἰδόντι.

Gorgo — What you saw, you can tell to anybody did not see;
ἔρπειν ὥρα κ' εἶη.

but hour of setting off might it be now.

Πραξινοά — ἀργοῖς αἰὲν ἑορτά.

Praxinoe — To idle people always holiday.

Εὐνοά, αἶρε τὸ νᾶμα καὶ ἐς μέσον, νινοθρύπτε,

Eunoe, take the distaff away, and in the midst, sluggard,

θές πάλιν. αἱ γαλέκι μαλακῶς χρήσθοντι καθεύδειν.

carry not it again; cats like to lie down softly.

κινεῦ δὴ, φέρε θάσσον ὕδωρ. ὕδατος πρότερον δεῖ.

Stir thyself, bring quickly some water; water first is wanted.

ἀ δὲ σμᾶμα φέρει. δὸς ὅμως μὴ πολὺ, ἄπληστε,

She indeed brings soap; give it me yet; not much, thou excessive,

ἐγχει ὕδωρ. δύστανε, τί μευ τὸ χιτῶνιον ἄρδεις;

pour out some water, thou wretched, why dost thou wet my tunic?

παῦε. ὁκοῖα θεοὶς ἐδόκει, ταυτᾶ γε νένιμμαι.

Cease; as it pleased God, at last I am washed.

ἀ κλαῖ τᾶς μεγάλας πᾶ λάρνακος, ὧδε φέρ' αὐτάν.

The key of the large wardrobe where it is? Fetch it.

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, μάλα τοι τὸ καταπτυχές ἐμπερόναμα

Gorgo — Praxinoe, to a nicety this sinuous buckled tunic

τοῦτο πρέπει· λέγε μοι, πόσσω κατέβη τοι ἀφ' ἱστώ;

fits thee; say me how much did it cost?

Πραξινοά — μὴ μνάσῃς, Γοργοῖ· πλέον ἀργυρίῳ καθαῶ μνᾶν

Praxinoe — Remind me not of it, Gorgo; more than silver minas

ἡ δυο· τοῖς δ' ἔργοις καὶ τὴν ψυχάν ποτέθηκα.

two; with toil too I wearied my soul.

Γόργω — ἄλλὰ κατὰ γνώμαν ἀπέβα τοι.

Gorgo — But just according to thy wish it succeeded.

Πραξινοῖα — τοῦτο κἀλ' εἶπας. *

Praxinoe — This well thou saidst.

τῶμπέχονον φέρε μοι καὶ τὰν θολίαν κατὰ κόσμον
 Bring me my pallium and petasus, fitly
 ἀμφίθεες. Οὐκ ἀξῶ τυ, τέκνον· μορμῶ, δάκνει ἵππος.
 gird it on me. I will not take thee, child: mormo, the horse, bites.
 δάκρυ ὅσσα θέλεις· χολὸν δ' οὐ δεῖ τυ γενέσθαι.
 Cry as much you will; thou shalt not become lamed.
 ἔρωμες. Φρυγία, τὸν μικρὸν παῖσθε λαβοῖσα,
 Let us go. Phrygia, take the child and play,
 τὰν κύν ἔσω κάλεστον, τὰν αὐλείαν ἀπόκλαζον.
 call the dog in, shut the door of the atrium.
 ὦ θεοί, ὅσσοις ὄχλος. πῶς καὶ ποικα τοῦτο περᾶσαι
 By Gods, how many people; how we may tread our way
 χρὴ τὸ κακόν; μύρμακες ἀνάρητοι καὶ ἄμετροι.
 through all this crowd? ants endless and innumerable [1].

ἀδίστα Γοργοῖ, τί γενώμεθα; τοὶ πολέμισται
 sweetest Gorgo, what will our fate be? the war-like
 ἵπποι τῷ βασιλῆος. ἄνερ φίλε, μὴ με πατήσης.
 horses of the king are coming; friendly man, tread me not down.
 ὀρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πυρρός ἰδ' ὡς ἄγριος· κυνοθαρσῆς
 Lo! that bay one rearing erect; see how wild, thou dog-mad

[1] *The people are as thick as bees below,*
 La gente si addensa come api laggiù,
they hum like bees
 sciana e ronzia come api

Alfred Tennyson's *Harold*.

* See: Zimmerm. Ephem. stud. ant. — 1841 —

Εὐνόα, οὐ φευξῇ; διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα.

Eunoe, flee not; that horse shall kill its rider.

ὠνάθην μεγάλως, ὅτι μοι τὸ βρέφος μένει ἔνδον.

I am greatly satisfied, I left my child at home.

Γόργω — θάρσει, Πραξινόα· καὶ δὴ γεγενήμεθ' ὀπισθεν,

Gorgo — Cheer up, Praxinoe, we are safe already behind them,

τοὶ δ' ἔβαν ἐς χώραν.

they went back to their station.

Πραξινόα — καὶ τὰ συναγείρομαι ἤδη.

Praxinoe — I breath already again.

ἵππον καὶ τὸν ψυχρὸν ὄφιν τὰ μάλιστα δεδοίκα

Horses and cold snakes I most dread

ἐκ παιδός. σπεῖδωμες· ὄχλος πολὺς ἄμμιν ἐπιρρεῖ.

from childhood; let us hurry, a streaming crowd runs behind us.

This is quite a true and perfect picture, taken straight and free from real life, as if some mirror had fixed for ever and brought it back to us.

Such being the Theocritean Idyll's lovely simple spirit—a quaint, practical, cheerful spirit truly, chiefly bent on realistic side — we may easily trace its relationship with Chaucer's.

The following dialogue expresses this ideal relationship even more clearly.

Γόργω — Ἐξ αὐλᾶς, ὦ μάτερ;

Gorgo — Art thou coming from the mansion, o mother?

Γραῦς — ἐγώ, τέκνα.

An old woman — I am, children.

Γόργω — εἴτα παρενθεῖν

Gorgo — Is it then to get there

εὐμαρές;

easy?

Γραῦς — ἐς Τροίαν πειρώμενοι ἦνθον Ἀχαιοί,

An old woman—The Greeks conquered Troy by the force of attempting,
καλλίστα παίδων· πείρα θην πάντα τελεῖται.

o thou the most beautiful of children; by attempting almost all
things are done

Γόργω — Χρησιμῶς ἃ πρεσβυτὶς ἀπῶχeto θεσπέζασα.

Gorgo — Her oracles uttered, the old woman withdrew.

Πραξινοά — Πάντα γυναῖκες ἴσαντι, καὶ ὡς ζεὺς ἀγάγεθ' Ἥραν.

Praxinoe — All women, know even how Jupiter married Juno.

Γόργω — θᾶσαι, Πραξινοά, περὶ τὰς θύρας ὅστος ὄμιλος

Gorgo — See, Praxinoe, at the gates what an ocean

Θεσπέσιος.

boundless!

Πραξινοά — Γοργοῖ, δός τὰν χέρα μοι; λαβέ καὶ τύ,

Praxinoe — Gorgo, give thy hand me; lay fast hold, thou,

Εὐνόα, Εὐτυχίδος. πότεχ' αὐτῇ, μήτι πλαναθῇς.

Eunoe, of Eutychis! Be joined, lest thou wilt be lost.

πάσαι σμ. εἰσένθωμεζ· ἀπρίξ ἔχου, Εὐνόα, ἀμῶν.

Let us all get in together; clutch, Eunoe, to us.

οἴμοι δειλαία, δίχα μευ τὸ θερίστριν ἦδη

Alas! how wretched I am, in two my pallium lo! is already

ἔσχισται, Γοργοῖ. ποττῶ Διός, εἴ τι γένοιο

rent, Gorgo; by Jove, if ever thou wish to get

εὐδαίμων, ὠνθρωπε, φυλάσσεο τῶμπέχονόν μευ.

happy, man, be watchful of my pallium.

Ξένος — οὐκ ἐπ' ἐμὴν μέν, ὅμως δὲ φυλαξοῦμαι.

A stranger — It is not owing to me, nevertheless I will be watchful.

Πραξινοά — ὄχλος ἄθρως.

Praxinoe — What a swarming crowd!

ὠθεῦνθ' ὥσπερ ὑεζ.

They press on like pigs.

Ξενος — θάρσει, γύναι· ἐν καλῷ εἰμές.

A stranger — Cheer up woman; in safety we are.

Πραξινοά — κεις ἄρα κῆπεται, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐν καλῷ εἶης,

Praxinoe — May in coming days, thou dearest of men, be in safety

ἄμμε περιστέλλων. χρηστῷ κῶχτίρμονος ἀνδρός.

for being watchful of us, honest and merciful man.

φλίβεται Εὐνόα ἄμμιν ἄγ', ὦ δειλὰ τύ, βιάζευ.

Lo! Eunoe is wedged in;—push on, thou coward, push on.

κάλλιστ' ἐνδοῖ πᾶσαι, ὁ τὰν νυὸν εἶπ' ἀποκλάξας.

“ All right; all within doors ”, shutting his bride in, the
bridegroom said

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, πόταγ' ὦδε. τὰ ποικίλα πρᾶτον ἄθρησον.

Gorgo — Praxinoe,—come along, look at those rich textures first,

λεπτὰ καὶ ὡς χαρίεντα· θεῶν περονάματα φασεῖς.

how smooth and fine!..... Godly garments thou wouldst say!

Πραξινοά — Πότνι' Ἀθαναία, ποῖαί σφ' ἐπόνασαν ἔριθοι,

Praxinoe — By Venerable Athene, what weavers did weave it!

ποῖοι ζωογράφοι τάκριβέα γράμματ' ἐγραψαν.

what painters such careful patterns did draw,

ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐστάκκντι, καὶ ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐνδινεῦντι,

how truthfully they do stand upright, and how truthfully do they
stir about!....

ἔμψυχ', οὐκ ἐνυφντά· σοφόν τοι χρῆμ' ἀνθρωπος.

A spirited (1) being, not an embroidery; a wise thing is man indeed!

αὐτὸς δ' ὡς θαητὸς ἐπ' ἀργυρέας κατὰκειται

Lo! how charmingly does he lie in his silvery

κλισμῷ, πρᾶτον ἵουλὸν ἀπὸ κροτάφων καταβάλλων,

bed, the first down (2) from his temples falling,

(1)—*So talked the spirited sly snake.*

Si disse lo spiritale astuto serpente.

Milton.

(2)—*The first down begins to shade his face.*

La prima lanugine comincia ad ombreggiare il di lui viso.

Dryden.

ὁ τριφίλατος Ἀδωνις, ὃ κὴν Ἀχέροντι φιλεῖται.
the greatly loved Adonis, who in Acheron too is loved !

Ξένος — Παύσασθ', ὦ δύστανοι, ἀνάνυτα κατ'ίλοισαι

A stranger — Hush, you wretched, endlessly chatting
τρυγόνες. ἐκχναισεῦντι πλατειάσδοισαι ἅπαντα.
turtles; they would kill one by dint of jabbering.

Πραξινέα — μᾶ, πόθεν ὦνθρωπος; τί δὲ τίν, εἰ κατίλαι εἰμές;
Praxinoe — 'Ah! whence didst thou, man, come? what does it matter
thee, if we are chatty,

πασάμενος ἐπίτασσε. Συρακοσίαις ἐπιτάσσεις;

Thy underlying Syracusians overlook;

ὡς εἰδῆς καὶ τοῦτο, Κορίνθιοι εἰμές ἄνωθεν,
thou may know of this too, we are originary from Corynth,
ὡς καὶ ὁ Βελλεροφῶν. Πελοποννασιστὶ λαλεῦμες.

just as Bellerophon. We speak Peloponnesian.

δωρίσδεν δ' ἔξεστι, δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέεσσιν.

Dorian lingo is allowable, I think, to Dorians.

μή φύη, Μελιτῶδες, ὅς ἀμῶν καρτερὸς εἴη.

May never be born, o mellow Proserpine, he who ought to be
our master,

πλὰν ἐνὸς οὐκ ἀλέγω. μή μοι κενεὸν ἀπομάξης.

besides one I do not care; cleanse not an empty modius.

Γόργω — σίγη, Πραξινόα· μέλλει τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀεῖδεν

Gorgo — Be silent, Praxinoe, lo! there it is about to sing Adonis.

ἂ τᾶς Ἀργείας θυγάτηρ πολυίδρις αἰιδός,

an argive woman's daughter, a skilful songstress;

ἄτις καὶ Σπέρχιν τὸν ἰάλεμον ἀρίστευσεν,
she who in Sperchim, the dirge, got utterly the price,

φθεγγεῖται τι, σάφ' οἶδα, καλόν. διαθρύπτεται ἤδη.

will sing something, to be sure, wonderful; she is loitering already.

There is much in this dialogue so like real and healthy Chaucerian touches, even in turn of wit, that I would the reader should wilfully set himself to compare them.

Through such frank portraiture, as though through a faithful, but cold mirror, Theocrit causes us to gaze—wonder-stricken — at women, long since dust, moving and speaking in all the petty peculiarities, slight malignities, and insipid simplicities of daily life with the same gestures and expression as they lived.

If insisting on artificial connections might ever be a by no means vain and fastidious effort of acuteness, fading often into fatuity, and might somehow bring out a result as to avoid narrowness of critical perception, we would carefully seek through the Theocritean Idyll for whatsoever features be akin in shape or tint to Chaucer's prologue.

Chaucer goes through his own task, perfectly conceiving and individualizing his characters with all their foibles and shortcomings, laying bare all their weaknesses, vanities, peculiarities, speaking out all their own every day thoughts and passions, as they urge them — life-like — homely truthful, depicting to his utmost power, with a wonderful pliancy and adaptability of colour and expression, stains of evils, and flowers of good, blooming in his own land and time, every thing moving and passing in the running stream of life in the English society of XIV century.

He falls by no means far below Theocrit's faithful picture of merry and sensuous pagan life, and Chaucer's peculiar character and leading feature — whence he draws his best powers—is his being stirred by something like Theocrit's truth to nature and straightforward gladness and quick sympathy.

However differing each other both in conception and drift of mind—by far more polished and refined the latter—(polish and refinement peculiar to classic age, hastening in Theocrit already to decay) we have placed them side by side that the reader may judge for himself, whatever may the short-coming or over-forcing of the parallel be.

Let not, however, be supposed that I mean to pursue the comparison farther out.

The religious rest, lulling quietness, exalting sense, and full fruition of life, which all feel, and none can define in the following hymn, with which Theocrit's poem concludes, can, by no means, admit of any comparison with the medieval refined religious rapture, feverish exhaustion, grandeur and glory of spiritual rejoicing, however somehow dimmed and grown faint, amid the hurry of crowds and keen eagerness of earthly gain, in Chaucer's merry England of the XIV century.

Γυνὴ αἰοιδὸς — δέσποινα, ᾧ Γολγῶς τε καὶ Ἰδάλιον
ἐφίλασας

Songstress — Thou goddess, whom Golgi and Idalium delighted,

αἰπεινὰν τ' Ἐρύκην, χρυσῷ παίζουσ' Ἀφροδίτα,
and loft Eryx; thou, Aphrodite, who dalliest with gold!

οἷόν τοι τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀπ' ἀνάου Ἀχέροντος
how did the malaco-pterygian Hours from perennial Acheron,
μηνὶ δωδεκάτῳ μαλακαίποδες ἄγαγον Ὀραι.

on the twelfth revolving month, lead back thee thy Adonis!

βάρδισται μακάρων Ὀραι φίλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθειναί

Drowsiest of immortals our beloved Hours, but they,
when urged,

ἔρχονται πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἰεὶ τι φορεῦσαι

come to all men, ever conveying something.

Κύπρι Διωναία, τὸ μὲν ἀθανάταν ἀπὸ θνατᾶς,

O Cypri, Dione-born, thou didst, to immortal from mortal,

ἀνθρώπων ὡς μῦθος, ἐποίησας Βερενίκην,

[among men such tale runs] change Berenice,

ἀμβροσίαν ἐς στήθος ἀποστάξασα γυναικῶς

by distilling in her bosom ambrosia;

τιν δὲ χαρίζομένα, πολυώνυμε καὶ πολύναιε,
therefore grateful, the polyonymous and in many fanes
revered Arsinoe,

ἃ Βερενικεῖα θυγάτηρ Ἑλένα εἰκυῖα

Berenice's daughter, Helen-like,

Ἄρσινόα πάντεσσι καλοῖς ἀτιτάλλει Ἀδωνιν.

* with all kind of wreaths beautifies thee.

Πᾶρ μὲν θ' ὥρια κεῖται ὅσα δρυὸς ἄκρα φέρονται,

Before thee all plump fruit the trees yield is set,

πᾶρ δ' ἀπαλοὶ κάποι πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσχοις

before thee soft plants, artificially reared in silver coffers,

ἄργυρέοις, Συρίῳ δὲ μύρῳ χρύσει ἀλάβαστρα,

* golden alabasters filled with Syrian ointment,

εἰδατά θ' ὅσσα γυναῖκες ἐπὶ πλαθάνῳ πονέονται

as many dainties as women work on their kneading-trough,

ἄνθεα μίσγοισαι λευκῷ παντοῖ' ἄμ' ἀλεύρω,

mixing up every kind of flower-juice and white meal,

ὅσσα τ' ἀπὸ γλυκερῷ μέλιτος τά τ' ἐν ὑγρῷ ἐλαίῳ,

and as much is made of sweet honey and laid in liquid oil,

πάντ' αὐτῷ πετεηνά καὶ ἐρπετὰ τεῖδε πάρεστιν.

before thee all winged and crawling here is set.

χλωραὶ δὲ σκιαῶδες μαλακῷ βρίθοντες ἀνήθω

For thee green shady recesses, with tender anithum laden,

δεδεμανθ' οἱ δὲ τε κῶροι ὑπερπωτῶνται Ἑρωτες,

are constructed. And children-loves overflutter,

οἳ αἰηδονιδῆες ἀεζομένων ἐπὶ δένδρων

as young nightingales on growing trees

πωτῶνται πτερύγων πειρώμενοι ὅζον ἀπ' ὅζω.

hover, straining their winglets from bough to bough.

ὦ ἔβενος, ὦ χρυσός, ἃ ἐκ λευκῷ ἐλέφαντος

oh! the ebony, the gold, the white ivory,

αἰστοὶ οἰνοχόον Κρονίδα Διὶ παῖδα φέροντες.

oh! the eagles rearing his child cupbearer unto Zeus,
Chronos-born.

πορφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἄνω, μαλακώτεροι ὕπνω,
Bright red coloured coverlids, softer than sleep itself,
ἃ Μίλατος ἐρεῖ γὰρ τὴν Σαμίαν καταβόσκων,
(so Miletus and Samian shepherd would say),

ἔστρωται κλίνη τῷ Ἀδώνιδι τῷ κελῷ ἄλλα.
are strewn over the bed of pretty Adonis on the other side.

τὴν μὲν Κύπρις ἔχει, τὴν δ' ὁ ῥοδόπαχυσ Ἀδωνις,
Cypris has her couch there, and rosy-kindled Adonis too,
ὀκτωκαίδεκτης ἢ ἐννεακαίδεχ' ὁ γαμβρός.
eighteen or nineteen years old, her bridegroom.

οὐ κενταῖ τὸ φίλαμ', ἔτι οἱ περὶ χεῖλεα πυρρόα.

His kiss by no means stings, his lips are all about scarlet.
νῦν μὲν Κύπρις ἔχοισα τὸν αὐτᾶς χιρῆτω ἄνδρα.
Let now Cypris her man's possession enjoy;

ἁῶθεν δ' ἅμμες νιν ἅμᾳ δρόσω ἀθρόα ἐξω

on the dawning of morn, with the dew, we, one and all,
οἴσευμεν ποτὶ κύματ' ἐπ' αἰόνι πτύοντα,
will bear thee, as far as the waves foam on the shore,
λύσασαι δὲ κόμαν καὶ ἐπὶ σφυρὰ κώλον ἀνεῖσαι
our hair being loose, and our garment fallen as far as the foot,
στήθεσι φανομένοις λιγυρᾶς ἀρξώμεθ' αἰοιδᾶς.
our breast open, we will tune this loud strain of ours:

ἔρπεις, ὦ φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖς Ἀχέροντα
come, o beloved Adonis, hither and thither Acheronwards,
ἡμιθέων, ὥς φαντι, μονώτατος. οὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνων
alone, as they say, of the demigods; neither Agamemnon
τοῦτ' ἔπαθ', οὐτ' Αἴας, ὁ μέγας βαρυμάνιος ἦρωας,
was allowed, nor Ajax, the mighty moon-stricken hero,

οὐθ' Ἑκτωρ Ἑκάβας ὁ γεραίτερος εἴκοσι παίδων,
 nor Hector, the eldest of Ecuba's twenty children,
 οὐ Πατρόκλης, οὐ Πύρρος ἀπὸ Τροίας ἐπανελθών,
 nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, coming back from Troy home.
 οὐθ' οἱ ἔτι πρότερον Λαπίθαι καὶ Δευκαλίωνες,
 Nor the ancient Lapithae, nor Deucalion's children,
 οὐ Πελοπνηιδᾶν τε καὶ Ἄργεος ἄκρα Πελασγοί.
 nor the forefather of the Pelopides and Argives, the
 Pelasgians.
 ἔλθθι νῦν, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐς νέωτ' εὐθυμήσαιο.
 Be kind now, beloved Adonis, and for the next year be
 a friend to us.
 καὶ νῦν ἦνθες, Ἀδωνι, καὶ ὅκκ' ἀρίκη, φίλος ἤξεις.
 Such thou hast been, Adonis, and such thou shalt be,
 coming again.

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, τὸ χρῆμα σοφώτερον ἂ θήλεια.
 Gorgo — Praxinoe, a wiser thing woman is,
 ὀλβία, ὅσσα ἴσατι, πανολβία, ὥς γλυκὺ φωνεῖ.
 blessed by knowing so much, blessed still more by so
 sweetly singing.
 ὦρα ὅμως κεῖς οἶκον. ἀνάριστος Διοκλείδας.
 We ought to be going home, Diocleis is dinnerless.
 γώνηρ ὅζος ἄπαν, πεινᾶντι δὲ μηδέποτ' ἐνθης.
 Man is all winegar, never approach a hungry one.
 χαῖρε, Ἀδων ἀγαπατέ, καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀρίκει.
 Be jolly, (1) beloved Adonis, thou camest to jolly people
 back again.

So, with a magnificent touch and rough grasp of men
 and things, concludes Theocrit's poem — a mere flash of

(1) *Such a word can be traced back to French joly, which meant of old merry as well as pretty, for by its side we find a fuller verbal form jolliver—to feast—See Diez. If on ingenious and plausible etymology is wanted, it seems by no means unlikely to derive from a Latin gaudiolivus.*

outward finite image — highly suggestive and meeting the fondness of human feelings, the hidden powers of ever flowing life.

At its close, no unreal spiritual light and heat, worth gauge or measure, nor far off sounds of divine triumph, but pride, sensuality, indolence, and herein is perhaps its chief meaning, and a somewhat similar temper of mind seems to have affected Chaucer's realistic art, in any other respect, sphere and order of conception, by far unlike.

Altogether agreeing with Theocrit's faithful rendering from bare healthy reality, by no means giving fever-fits or morbid and sickly feelings, Chaucer's prologue open thus, descriptive of the spring, gracious and sweet, as it glows under the softly warm or yellow rays of the sun. (1)

“ When April sweet showers have pierced to the root
“ and bathed every vein with such a licour, by whose virtue,
“ flowers are engendered, when Zephyr mellow breath
“ has inspired along in every grove and heath the tender
“ crops and the young sun has run its half course in the
“ Ram and small fowls, sleeping all the night with their
“ eyes open — thus their hearts are spurred by Nature —
“ make melodies; then folk long to go on pilgrimages and
“ palmers to seek strange strands, fern shrines, known in
“ sundry lands, and specially they wend from every shire's
“ end of England towards Canterbury, to pay their vows to
“ the holy blissful martyr, who has helped them, when sick.

Such is the innocent, childish, helpful spirit of Chaucer's poetry, perpetual April therein, and singing of nightingales.

(1) See a parallel passage in the fourth book of Guido de le Colonne's *Historia Troiana*, where a sound of spring showers alike rebounds.

“ It befel on a day of that season, as I lay in South-
“ wark at the Tabard, ready to wend on my pilgrimage to-
“ wards Canterbury with well devout spirit that a vagrant
“ company of almost nine and twenty folk came into that
“ hostelry, by chance fallen together — pilgrims all who
“ would ride towards Canterbury.

“ Being the chambers and stables wide, all we were
“ lodged, as well as one can, and shortly afterwards, when
“ the sun was setting, I had spoken with each of them,
“ and turned one of their fellowship, and promised to rise
“ early to take our way there, as I devise you.

“ But, nevertheless, while I have time and space, ere
“ I farther step in this tale, I think according to reason to
“ tell you all the condition of each of them, as they see-
“ med me, and which they were and of what degree and
“ how arrayed, and from a knight I will first begin.

There — spark after spark — dawns Chaucer's nuga-
tory fanciful finishing imagery — an endless chain of acci-
dental common minor details and outward shows, to which,
a range of charming suggestiveness is utterly attached.

“ A knight there was, a worthy man, who, since he
“ first began riding, loved chivalry, truth, honour, freedom
“ and courtesy. Well worthily he had fought in his lord's
“ wars and ridden farther than any other in Christendom
“ and Heathendom, and been ever honoured for his valour.
“ At the taking of Alexandria he had been, well often he
“ had been placed at the head of the state table on the
“ dais above all nations in Prussia. (1)

“ In Lithuania he had ridden and in Russia—no chri-
“ stian man of his degree, as often as he. In Granada, at
“ Algezir siege he had been and ridden in Palmyra; at Lyeys
“ and at the taking of Attalia: many an expedition in the
“ Mediterranean he had partaken.

(1) *Amid Christian Teutsch Ritters, who came to Preus-
sen, Voigt thinks, on the year 1228.*

“ At fifteen mortal battles he had been, and fought for
“ our faith at Tramezen, thrice in the edges, and had al-
“ ways slain his foe.

“ He had been also sometimes with the Lord of Pala-
“ tie against a heathen more in Turkey, and ever he got
“ the sovereign's' praise. And, though worthy, he was di-
“ scret and of his behaviour as meek as a maid.

“ Never he said injury in all his life unto any wight. He
“ was a very perfect, gentle knight.

“ But, to tell you of his array, his horse was good,
“ but not gay, he wore a fustian cassock, besmuttered by
“ his hauberk; being lately come from his travels, he went
“ straight on pilgrimage.

Here we come at last to set ourselves face to face with
the career of Chivalry, which played so great a part in
the world, being the rallying place — observes Carlyle —
of all noble, brave souls, pinched by aims other than vul-
gar; flaming for above three centuries into a blazing whirl-
wind through the medieval night.

Will the reader take a vivid real glimpse of it? A
truthful sample may be Chaucer's sketch of his knight's
unstable, yet captivating and entertaining, life, full of fine
fighting, of homely gentleness, and pathos.

No less strong suggestion of likeness and reality, co-
meliness and gallant pride we find in the knight's son, a
child in arm — the Squire.

“ With him there was his son, a young squire, a lo-
“ ver and a lusty bachelor, curly headed, as though his
“ locks were laid in a press. Twenty years old, I guess.
“ Of middle height, wonderfully active and strong, he had
“ been sometimes in an expedition on horseback in Flan-
“ ders, Artois and Piccardy and borne himself well, conside-
“ ring his short service, for hope to stand in his lady's grace.

“ Embroidered like a meadow, with fresh flowers white and red, he would sing or flute all the day; fresh he was as May. Short with long wide sleeves was his gown; well he sat on horseback and fairly rode, sang, jousted, danced, drew and wrote. So hot he loved that by night, he slept no more than a nightingale. Courteous, lovely, and serviceable, he carved before his father at table.

So also it is by no means to be thought a fair imaginary or a fictitious picture the following sketch of a hired labourer, the yeoman, (1) clothed in gay riband and bright bodice.

It is an historical fact this comfort of dress, ascertained even by the earliest writer on English husbandry, Walter de Henley, and testifies to love of brightness and laughs of happy homes in all the abundance of means of life allowed to English peasantry -- abundance by far larger in Middle Ages than in our modern daily life, being then quartered on the produce of English soil a by no means as wide a mass of lazy people and consumers as in later times (2).

Here is Chaucer's portrature of the knight's servant, the yeoman, clear enough, so far as, in dealing with economic inferences, we can fish the matter into clearness, out of the gray, dim, oscillating leaves of history:

“ A yeoman the knight had and no servant; he liked to ride so. Clad in a coat and a green hood, he bore a

(1) *Such a word has passed over to the English language in a singularly dwindled shape, perhaps from **gemeene**--akin to german **gemeiner**, frisian **gamon** (a villager.)*

(2) *Thorold Rogers -- The economic interpretation of history -- I.*

“ sheaf of peacock arrows — bright and keen (1) — under his belt, well he could apply his tackle yeomanly; his arrows did not droop low with the feathers, and he bore a mighty bow in his hand. Shorn-headed and brown faced, he knew well all the practice of woodcraft; he bore a gay arm-shield, a sword and a buckler on one side and a gay dagger, well harnessed and sharp, as a point of spear, on the other. A silver Christopher (2) shone on his breast; he bore a horn; his bauldrick was green. A foster was indeed as I guess.”

Thus far on the way, Chaucer keeps imagining, and sketching with a spice of reality to flavour it, all which may be characteristic of the world he has round him.

Interesting, were she only as a living exhilarative fragment of an age far gone, Chaucer's fashionable nun, Madam Eglentyne, is here shown in sequence, all witty and cheery attitudes, agreeable talk, fooleries and struttings about in the peacock or jack-daw way, one of the most vivid and brilliant characters ever penned, gaunting, flaunting, meandering about, highly sprightly and welcome.

“ There was also a nun, a prioress simply smiling and coy; her most earnest oath was by St. Eloi, Madam Eglentyne by name. Well sweetly she entuned in her nose the divine service, and spoke French fairly and featly

[1]

..... till a bright,
keen arrow pierced it through.

Dora Greenwell. A Song.

[2] *A St. Christopher's image was superstitiously thought to possess, when by chance seen, the power of shielding whomsoever from a sudden mortal accident.*

“ after the school of Stratford at Bow, for French of Paris
“ was her unknown.

“ At table well taught was she withal. She let no morsel fall from her lips, nor she wetted her fingers deep
“ in the sauce; well she knew how to carry a mouthful
“ and well minded that no drop fell upon her breast, courtesy was her highest lust. She wiped her upper lip so
“ neatly that no farthing of grease was seen in her cup,
“ after she had drunk. Seemly she reached to her meat,
“ and certainly desportful, pleasant and lovely she was and
“ strove to counterfeit courtly manners and be stately and
“ worthy of reverence.

“ But, to speak of her conscience, she was so charitable
“ and piteous, that she would weep, if she saw a mouse
“ caught in a trap, whether dead or bled. She had pet
“ dogs, fed with roast meat, milk and cake, and she sore
“ wept, when one of them were dead or smitten with a
“ smart staff. She was all conscience and tender heart. Neatly
“ pleated was her wimple, her nose shapely, her eyes grey
“ as glass, her mouth small, soft and red, her forehead fair,
“ almost a span broad, I think, being she, to speak hardily,
“ by no means undergrown. Her cloak was neat, as I am
“ aware.

“ She bore a pair of small coral beads green gauded,
“ whence a brooch of shining gold hung pendent, on which
“ was first written a crowned A and after: **Amer vinett**
“ **omnia.**

Quite an unobjectionable, whimsical, simmering lady this, dancing her life — ~~mindet~~ with her daintiest polite graciosities and her skipping bouncing paces, shedding fire-fly like glimmers of serenely shining halycion light and eager furthering of homely enjoyments in that old roary age,

when the brawl of medieval night had not yet sunk down,
and hot warlike frenzy cooled.

But let us presently stick such a vague Chaucerian fire-fly on her spit and pass on.

"She had with her another nun, who was her secretary and three priests.

"A monk there was, a fair one for church preferment,
a rider, who liked chase, a mahly man to be an able abbot.
Many a dainty horse had he in stable, and when he rode,
his bridle's merrily jingling might be heard as far as
where he had his cell — a whistling wind as clear and
loud, as the chapel bell. St Maur's and St. Benedict's
rules being old, and somehow narrow, he laid old things
aside, and yearned after the new; he cared less than for a plucked hen or an oyster for any text saying hunters to be not
holy men; a cloisterless monk a waterless fish like, and
I say his opinion good. Why one ought always painfully
pore upon a book in the cloister or toil with one's own
hands, as Austin bids? how shall the world be served!
Let Austin have his toil left. Therefore he was a hardy
rider, grey hounds he had as swift as fowls of flight. Hard
riding and hare hunting was all his lust, for by no means
would he help so doing.

"His sleeves I saw trimmed and fringed at the wrist
with the finest grey fur, a curious gold pin to fasten
his hood under his chin, a love knot at the larger end.

"His bald head shone as a glass, and his face as it
had been anointed. Fat and corpulent he was, his steep
eyes glowed as a fire of cauldron. His boots were supple,
his horse stately.

"Now certainly he was a fair prelate; far from being
pale as a forpined ghost, he liked a fat swan better

« than any roast, and his paltry was as brown as it is a berry.

He is a vulgar lusty churl every inch of him — (expert in the chase, *αἰσινὰ θήρας*, in woods and wilds to wound the hare) — living in all the stir and joy of life — tramp of hunting horse and clash of drinking cup — running into mere sensuous pleasure and worldly covetousness, with no gleam of higher hope, thought, faith or passion.

His cares are wholly of this world, neither wishing he, nor conceiving anything beyond earthly, selfish and mindless activity, and, though bethinking of him with somewhat a feeling of rejoicing in all recovery from monastic gloom and austerities of the suffering middle Ages, we have yet no power of sympathy with him and can by no means define him to ourselves but as unredeemable vulgar and repulsive — a fat lusty dog rolling on carrion. Alas! much more rolls on carrion for the time being. Not monasticism only, but Catholicism itself, after long tear and wear, sinks utterly into abeyance and fast rot.

. . . But there is many a religious sham more penned by Chaucer, and waiting us at hand — a friar, a pardoner, a summoner.

The latter's impression is much alike that issuing from the real living shape of Homer's Thersites, though by far uglier this, seen in a different light — the intensest rendering of utter presumptuous vulgarity I am acquainted with.

Striking such ideal likenesses and coincidences indeed.

Old Thersites is just as straight taken from life as Chaucer's summoner — which turns out to be a bit of search appointed to be done.

II.

I cannot tell the half of the strange realistic impression — of delicacy, wit and rugged simplicity — which has been made upon me in a way so like Chaucer 's by Homer 's unrivalled picturing of the amours of Ares and Aphrodite.

Nothing can perhaps better help us to a pretty close approaching to Chaucer 's fanciful temper than this whole passage, of which, that the reader may mark its aesthetic grounds and fair connections, here is the full excerpt:

αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο καλὸν αἰεῖδεν
Thus the citharist began tuning this fine song
ἀμφ' Ἄρεος φιλότῆτος εὐστεφάνου τ' Ἀφροδίτης,
of Ares and fair wreathed Aphrodite 's stolen embraces,
ὡς τὰ πρῶτα μίγησαν ἐν Ἥφαιστοιο δόμοισιν
as first they mixed in Hephaestos' dome,
λάβρην, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκε, λέχος δ' ἤσχυνε καὶ εὐνήν
stealthily, many a gift he conferred, the wife he polluted and
Ἥφαιστοιο ἄνακτος. ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν
illustrious Hephaestos' nuptial bed. Straight unto him brought
message

Ἥλιος, ὃ σφ' ἐνόησε μιγαζομένους φιλότῃτι.
Helios, who saw them mix, and dissolve away in lustful love.
Ἥφαιστος δ' ὡς οὖν θυμαλγέα μῦθον ἄκουσεν,
Hephaestos, as the grievous tidings heard,
βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἐς χαλκεῶνα κακὰ φρεσὶ βυσσοδομεύων,
ran to his forge, bad thoughts his labouring mind revolving,
ἐν δ' ἔθετ' ἀκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, κόπτε δὲ δεσμούς,
set on the stump big an anvil, drew out wire - nettings,

ἀρρήκτους ἀλύτους, ὅφρ' ἔμπεδον αὐθι μένοιεν.
by no means flexible or relatable, that they might be therein
ensnared.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεύξε θόλον κεχλωμένους Ἄρει,
As soon he had wire-drawn his wile, wrath-boiling a-
gainst Ares,

βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἐς θάλαμον, ὅθι οἱ φίλα δέμνια κεῖτο·
he ran to the alcove, where the dear nuptial bed was strown,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἐρμῖσιν χέε δέσματα κύκλῳ ἀπάντη·
and on the bed-stead overspread his wire-nettings all round;
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ καθύπερθε μελαθρόφιν ἐξεκέχυντο,
many a wire-netting were thus from the roof above hanging,
ἥ τ' ἀράχνια λεπτά, τὰ γ' οὐ κέ τις οὐδὲ ἴδοιτο,
as a spider-web, extremely fine; no mortal could see it,
οὐδὲ θεῶν μακάρων· περὶ γὰρ δολόεντα τέτυκτο.
nor any of the immortal Gods; with so fraudulent wile they
were interwoven.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα δόλον περὶ δέμνια χεῦεν,
As soon he had all his wire-nettings around the bed interlaced,
εἷσατ' ἵμεν ἐς Λῆμνον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,
he feigned to go to Lemnos, well-built town,
ἣ οἱ γαίῳ πολὺ φιλότατη ἐστὶν ἀπασέων.
to him of all earthly towns the dearest.
οὐδ' ἀλαδὸς σκοπὴν εἶχε χρυσήνιος Ἄρης,
Meanwhile, by no means blind, Ares with the golden reins
watched,

ὥς ἴδεν Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην νόστῳ κώντα·
as soon he saw Hephaestus, illustrious artificer, far going,
βῆ δ' εἶναι πρὸς δῶμα περικλυτοῦ Ἥφαιστοιο·
he went straight to this famous architect's dome,

ἰσχνόων φιλότητος εὐστεφάνου Κυθεραίας.

inflamed with fair-wreathed Cytheraea's love.

ἡ δὲ νέον παρὰ πατρὸς ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος

She, being lately from her almighty father, Chronos - born,

ἐρχομένη κατ' ἄρ' ἔζεθ'. ὁ δ' εἴσω δώματος ἦεν,

come, sat within doors. He entered there,

ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῶ χειρί, ἐ'πος τ' ἐ'φατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

caught her by the hand, and, calling her by name, he

spoke thus:

« δεῦρο, φίλη, λέκτρονδε· τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντες·

« haste, dear, to bed; love's delicious rapture let us enjoy;

« οὐ γὰρ ἐ'θ' Ἥφαιστος μεταδήμιος, ἀλλὰ που ἤδη

« Hephaestus is not at home, but he is already about,

« οἴχεται ἐς Λῆμνον μετὰ Σίντιας ἀγριοφώνους.

« speeding to Lemnos to the Sinthians with the wild-toned voice.

Ὡς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἀσπαστὸν εἰσατο κοιμηθῆναι.

Thus he spoke and her, to her deep soul, pleased to enjoy

the bed;

τῷ δ' ἐς δέμνιζ βάντε κατέδραθον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δεσμοὶ

so both, rushing thither, to love's delicious rapture yielded.

But, alas !

τεχνήεντες ἐ'χυντο πολύφρονος Ἥφαιστοιο,

ingenious Hephaestus' wire-nettings, skilfully wrought, were
interwoven all round;

οὐδὲ τι κινῆσαι μελέων ἦν οὐδ' ἀναεῖραι·

either to stir, or lift no power was left them,

καὶ τότε δὲ γίγνωσκον, ὅ τ' οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλοντο.

and straight they perceived no rescue anywhere from the e-
vil plight.

ἀγχίμολον δὲ σφ' ἦλθε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖεις,

Meanwhile, the thrice-famous, in both his feet crippled,

Hephaestus, approached unheard,

αὐτίς ὑποστρέψας πρὶν Λήμνου γαῖαν ἰκέσθαι·
swift coming mid-way back again, (even before reaching
Lemnos.)

Ἡέλιος γάρ οἱ σκοπιὴν ἔχεν εἰπέ τε μῦθον.

Helios spied indeed, and brought message unto him.

[Βῆ δ' ἵμεναι πρὸς δῶμα φίλον τετιημένος ἦτορ·]
(He shot to his dear dome, the heart overwhelmed with anguish);
ἔστη δ' ἐν προθύροις, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἤρειν·
halted in the atrium, black coler filled his breast;
σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβόησε γέγωνέ τε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν·
horrid a cry thundered, heard by all Gods.

« Ζεῦ πάτερ ἡδ' ἄλλοι μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν εὐόντες,

« *Ye, Jove father and all deathless Gods,*

« δεῦθ', ἵνα ἔργα γελαστά καὶ οὐκ ἐπιεικτὰ ἰδῇσθε,

« *come and see laughable, yet unsufferable things;*

« ὥς ἐμὲ χωλὸν εὐόντα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη

« *how me, being lame, Jove-born Aphrodite*

« αἰὲν ἀτιμάζει, φιλεῖ δ' αἰδῆλον Ἄρηα,

« *ever reviles; she loves, indeed, stern destroyer Arès,*

« οὐνεχ' ὁ μὲν καλὸς τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γε

« *owl of his being fair and steady-footed, while I*

« ἥπεδανὸς γενόμεν. ἀτὰρ οὐ τί μοι αἴτιος ἄλλος,

« *with distorted legs crawl oblique. Whose fault*

« ἀλλὰ τοκῆς δύω, τῶ μὴ γείνασθαι ὀφελλον.

« *but my begetters? They ought by no means have engendered*
... *me so.*

« ἀλλ' ὄψεσθ', ἵνα τῷ γε καθευδετον ἐν φιλότῃ.

« *Behold how sunk in love's entrancing joy they lie*

« εἰς ἐμὰ δέμνια βάντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὀρώων ἀνέχχημι.

« *in my nup'ial bed; on seeing them a heart piercing anguish*
... *I feel.*

« οὐ μὲν σφραγῖς ἔτ' ἐόλπα μίνυνθ' ἄγε κειμένον οὕτως
 « *I wonder whether they be still burning thus,*
 « καὶ μάλα περ φιλέοντες· τάχ' οὐκ ἐθελήσετον ἄμφοι
 « *in soft love steeped; perhaps they are no longer willing*
 « εὐδοεῖν ἀλλὰ σφωε δόλος καὶ δεσμὸς ἐρύξει,
 « *to be lying thus. My fraudulent wire-nettings shall have*
them ensnared,

« εἰς ὃ κέ μοι μάλα πάντα πατήρ ἀποδοῖσιν ἔδνα,
 « *till her father does not restore me back all the nuptial gifts,*
 « ὅσσα· οἱ ἐγγυάλιξα κυνώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
 « *I gave him for the wanton bold-faced maid,*
 « οὐνεκά οἱ κελὶ θυγάτηρ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἐχέθυμος.
 « *his fair offspring, but, by no means, wise.*

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ·
 Thus he said, and all Gods gathered suddenly in the brazen dome,

ἦλθε Ποσειδάων γατήχος, ἦλθ' ἐριούνης
 there came Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, came weal-giving
 Ἑρμείας, ἦλθεν δὲ ἄναξ ἐκαέργος Ἀπόλλων·
 Hermes, came mighty far-darting silver-shafted Apollo.
 θηλυτέραι δὲ θεαὶ μένον αἰδοῖ οἴκοι ἐκάστη·
 The Goddesses alone remained, stung with pouting shame,
 all and one, at home.

ἔσταν δ' ἐν προθύροισι θεοί, δωτηῆρες ἑάων· (1)
 There halted in the atrium the weal-giving Gods,
 ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν
 unextinguishable a laugh broke from the immortals,
 τέχνας εἰσορόωσι πολύφρονος Ἡφαιστοιο.
 on seeing skilful Hephaestus' wiles.

(1) *Hes. Theog. 664.*

ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

Thus one said, gazing on the other close by:

« οὐκ ἀρετᾷ κακὰ ἔργα· κηχάνει τοι βραδὺς ὥκύν,
Not ever lucky are bad actions; the slow one sometimes reaches the swift,

ὥς καὶ νῦν Ἥφαιστος ἐὼν βραδὺς εἶλεν Ἄρηα .
just as presently Hephaestus, though tardy, has reached Ares,

ὥκυτότατον περ ἐόντα θεῶν, οἳ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν,
the swiftest of all the Gods who Olympus abide,

χωλὸς ἐὼν, τέγγησι τὸ καὶ μοιχάγρι' ὀφέλλει. »
no otherwise, being he crippled, than by wile; he must then pay him the fine.

ὧς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·

As they one another were chatting so,

Ἑρμῆν δὲ προσέειπεν ἄναξ, Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

thus to Hermes said far-famed, Jove-born, Apollo;

« Ἑρμείη, Διὸς υἱέ, δικάτορε, δῶτορ ἐχών,

« o Hermes, Jove-born, forerunner, wealth-giving God,

« ἥ ῥά κεν ἐν δεσμοῖς ἐθέλοις κρατεροῖσι πιεσθεῖς

« should you like, in so strong surrounding wire-nettings girt,

« εὖδεν ἐν λέκτροισι παρὰ χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ;

« to enjoy golden Aphrodite's genial bed?

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα διάκτορος ἀργεῖφόντης·

Him replied then the Argiphontes, message bearer:

« αἱ γὰρ τοῦτο γένοιτο, ἄναξ ἐκκτηβόλ' Ἀπόλλων·

well might this happen, o illustrious far-darting Apollo.

δεσμοὶ μὲν τρεῖς τόσσοι ἀπείρονες ἀμφὶς ἔχιοιν,

Even if with wire-nettings thrice these, unnumbered, were I girt,

ὕμεῖς δ' εἰσορόωτε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαιναι,

and ye, Gods and Goddesses, all and one, gazing at,

αἰτὰρ ἐγὼν εὐδοίμι παρὰ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ »
I should like to enjoy golden Aphrodite's genial bed.
 ὣς ἔφατ', ἐν δὲ γέλωι ὦρτ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
Thus he said and a laugh broke from the immortals' breast.
 οὐδὲ Ποσειδάωνα γέλωι ἔχε, λίσσετο δ' αἰεὶ
Poseidon yet did not laugh, but entreated ever
 Ἥφαιστον κλυτοεργόν, ὅπως λύσειεν Ἄρηα.
Hephaestus, skilful artificer, to loosen Ares,
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
and such winged words him addressed:
 « λῦσον ἐγὼ δέ τοι αὐτὸν ὑπίσχομαι, ὥς σὺ κελεύεις,
« get him loose. I pledge my word that he, as, thou wilt,
 « τίσειν αἵ σιμα πάντα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
« shall equitably make up for thy loss here in the sight of
the immortal Gods.

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖσις·
Him straight replied the illustrious, in his both feet crippled:
 « μὴ με, Ποσειδάων γαῖήγε, τρυτὰ κέλευε·
Bid me not, Poseidon, earth-shaker, this;
 δειλαί τοι δειλῶν γε καὶ ἐγγυαὶ ἐγγύασθαι.
wicked it is to warrant the wicked.
 πῶς ἂν ἐγὼ σε δέοιμι μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,
How could I bind thee in the sight of the immortals,
 εἰ' κεν Ἄρης οἴχοιτο χρέος καὶ δεσμὸν ἀλκῆας; »
should Ares go away free both of his wire-nettings and debt?

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίγῃων·
Him straight replied Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.
 « Ἥφαιστ', εἰ' περ γάρ κεν Ἄρης χρεῖος ὑπκλύξας
« O Hephaestus, should Ares, without paying thee his debt,

« οἵ γηται φεύγων, αὐτός τοι ἐγὼ τάδε τίσω.

« fly away, I myself will pay thee.

τὸν δ' ἡμέιβετ' ἐπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·

Him replied then the illustrious, in his both legs lame:

« οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι.

it is not kind, nor becoming to repulse thy word.

ὧς εἰπὼν δεσμὸν ἀνίει μένος Ἥφαίστοιο.

Thus saying, them the wire-nettings with might broke loose

Hephaestus.

τῷ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ δεσμοῖο λύθεν κρατεροῦ περ ἐόντος,

They, as soon free of their strong entanglement,

αὐτίκ' ἀνχιζέχοντε ὃ μὲν Θρήκηνδε βεβήκειν,

sprang in a sudden from the bed; he to Thracia ran;

ἡ δ' ἄρα Κύπρον ἔκανε φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,

she, the laughter-loving Aphrodite, speeding to Cyprus,

ἐς Πάφον· ἔνθα δὲ οἱ τέμενος βομός τε θυθείς.

halted in Paphos; there to her a grove grew and an altar smoked,

ἐνθα δὲ μιν χάριτες λούσχαν καὶ χρίσαν ἐλαίῳ (1)

there the Charites washed and anointed her with the fair olive

ἀμβρότω, οἷα θεοῦς ἐπενήνοθεν αἰὲν ἐόντας,

ambrosial oil, whereby immortal Gods grow in beauty,

ἀμφὶ δὲ εἴματα ἔσσαν ἐπήρατα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.

and around her a radiant vest they threw, wondrous to see.

ταῦτ' ἄρ' αἰοιδὸς ἀεῖδε περικλυτός· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς

Thus the illustrious singer sang. Ulysses

τέρπετ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἧσιν ἀκούων ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλοι

enjoyed in his mind on hearing him and the other

(1) There is no excuse for Nägelsback — **Homerische Theologie** — who, by no means aware Charis to be one of the

Φαίηκες δολιγῆρετμοι, ναυσίκλυτοι ἄνδρες.

Pheaces, strong navigators, sea-famous men, enjoyed too.

That is quite perfect, deep and intense in truth as poetry can be.

One other passage, much more apt to afford us an easy step to grasp faithfully Chaucer's mind, requires to be farther remembered.

It is Aristophane's and exhibits by touches, by far harsher than Chaucer should, what dross and crypto — poisonous slack matter were deep lying in the judicial proceedings of the time, of which faint traces are still visible in the narrow, traditional, local jurisdictions of Chaucerian England — first straitened, then caused to fail by the wider spread assize of migratory judges.

τί γὰρ εὐδαιμον καὶ μακαριστὸν μᾶλλον νῦν ἐστὶ δικαστοῦ,
What, forsooth, a luckier and happier one is now than a judge?
ἢ τρυφερώτερον, ἢ δεινότερον ζῶον, καὶ ταῦτα γέροντος;
What more wooed or dreaded a beast than this justice of ours?
ὃν πρῶτα μὲν ἔρποντ' ἐξ εὐνῆς τηροῦσ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι
δροφάκτοις

Him, just creeping out of his bed, unkenneled across the
chance! - bars

many names of Aphrodite, sticking to the passage in IL XVIII:

τὴν δὲ ἶδε προμολοῦσα Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος,
her (Thetis) saw and hastened to meet Charis, whose hair
many a fair fillet bound,

καλὴ, τὴν ὥπυιε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῆις.
the beautiful maid, whom the illustrious, in his both feet
crippled, married.

could have attributed the passage in Od. VIII to another poet.

ἄνδρες μεγάλοι καὶ τετραπῆχεις· κἀπειτ' εὐθύς·

προσιόντι·

men of influence, four cubits thick; then, on my straight going off,
ἐμβάλλει μοι τὴν χεῖρ' ἀπαλὴν, τῶν δημοσίων κεκλοφυῖαν·
one stretches me out his soft hand, wont the exchequer to pilfer.
ἱκετεύουσίν θ' ὑποκύπτοντες, τὴν φωνὴν οἰκτροῦχοῦντες·
Some others entreat me kneelingly, their voice mournfully

tuning·

« οἱ κτειρόν μ', ὦ πάτερ, αἰτοῦμαι σ', εἰ καὶ τὸς πώποθ' »

υφείλου

*Pity me, father, I beseech thee if thou thyself didst ever pilfer—
anything,*

ἀρχὴν ἄρ' ἔας ἢ πὶ στρατιᾷ τοῖς ξυσσίτοις ἀγοράζων. »
by holding some office or at the supper-time somehow speechi-
fying the table-fellows.

ὃς ἐμ' οὐδ' ἂν ζῶντ' ἤδειν, εἰ μὴ διὰ τὴν προτέρην
ἀπόφυξιν.

Yet, I have never been known by him to live, till his first
escape. (1)

εἴτ' εἰσελθὼν ἀντιβοληθεὶς καὶ τὴν ὀργὴν ἀπομορχθεὶς,
Then, going I along thus, with beseechs sicklied over, my
anger drained off,

ἐνδον τούτων ὧν ἂν φάσω πάντων οὐδὲν πεποίηκα,
within doors of what I promised not even a whit get I done,

(1) *He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before.*

— Goldsmith - *She stoops to conquer* —

·ἀλλ' ἀκροῶμαι πάσας φωνὰς ἰέντων εἰς ἀπόφυζιν.

but I hearken all accents uttered by the inditees;

φέρ' ἰδῶ, τί γὰρ οἱ'κ ἔστιν ἀκούσαι θώπευμ' ἐνταῦθα
δικαστῇ;

·Come! is any flattery there befalling not to tease a judge
's hearing?

οἱ μὲν γ' ἀποκλόνται πενίαν αὐτῶν καὶ προστιθέασιν
·Some indeed bewail their poorness and show

κακὰ πρὸς τοῖς οὖσιν, ἕως ἀνικῶν ἀν' ἰσώσῃ τοῖσιν ἐμοῖσιν·
their evils to the present people, so that they may appear
heavy, if compared with mine.

οἱ δὲ λέγουσιν μύθους ἡμῖν, οἱ δ' Αἰσώπου τι γέλοιον·
·Some tell fables to us, some Aesopus' something laughable.

οἱ δὲ σκώπτουσ', ἐγὼ γελάσω καὶ τὸν θυμὸν κατὰθωμμαι·
·Some jest, that I may laugh and lay down my anger.

καὶ μὴ τούτοις ἀναπειθώμεσθα, τὰ παιδάρ' εὐθύς
ἀνέλκει,

·And, if by these means we be not persuaded, one, to back
his suit, draws forth the children,

τάς θηλείας καὶ τοὺς υἱεῖς, τῇ χειρὶ, ἐγὼ δ' ἀκροῶμαι·
girls and boys by the hand, I bend to hearken;

τὰ δὲ συγκύπτοντ' ἀμβληχᾶται· κα' πειθ' ὁ πατήρ ὑπὲρ
they kneeling cry; then their father [αὐτῶν

ὥσπερ θεὸν ἀντιβολεῖ με τρέμων τῆς εὐθύνης ἀπολύσαι·
as he might a God, beseeches me tremblingly to free him
of the fine;

εἰ μὲν χαίρεις ἀρνὸς φωνῇ, παιδὸς φωνὴν ἐλέησαι·
if thee delight a lambkin 's voice, thou shalt pity a boyish
babble,

εἰ δ' αὖ τοῖς χοιριδίοις χαίρω, θυγατρὸς φωνῇ με πιθέσθαι.
if indeed thou be charmed with a sucking pig's voice, with

his daughter's accents he prevails on me.
χῆμας αὐτῷ τότε τῆς ὀργῆς ὀλίγον τὸν κολλοπ' ἀνείμεν.
We slacken thus the chords of our anger.

ἄρ' οὐ μεγάλη τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἀρχή, καὶ τοῦ πλούτου
καταχθήνη;

Is not it a mighty kingdom and a whinnying scorn of riches?

Thus far we have been seeing of what mould or substance, how boned and fleshed, how tied and manacled with joint or limb are greek judges.

Let us go a steep farther now with Aristophane's sharp-cut pictures — all vivid and living people wearing the plain every day clothes of the time, how different and yet in many respects how like Chaucer's, whether penned in serious vein or jocose. —

Sprightlier and truer comparative results will be attainable for us by their mere juxta-position in the wild native way of clustering about their natural stalk.

With a long drawn echo of sorrowing jest and roary cachinnation is in the Ἰππαις preserved us this dialogue between a sausage-maker and Δημοσδίνης — giving picture, if we consider it, of the demagogic rascality prowling in our way, wild surging and uproaring at our heels.

Ἀλλ. Εἰπέ μοι, καὶ πῶς ἐγὼ

Say me, how can I,

ἀλλαντοπώλης ὡς ἀνὴρ γενήσομαι;

being a sausage-maker, become a politician?

Δημ. δι' αὐτὸ γάρ τοι τοῦτο καὶ γίγναι μέγας,
 Just for that thou shalt grow a great man,
 οἷτις πονηρὸς καὶ ἄγορᾶς εἶ καὶ θρασύς.
 because thou art a black leg, a damned mischie-
 vious scoundrel, and such a brazen dog!

Αλλ. οὐκ ἄξιόν γ' ὅτι μ' αὐτὸν ἰσχυρεῖν μέγα.
 I think that is a strain much above me.

Δημ. οἶμοι, τί ποτ' ἔσθ' ὅτι στυγερὸν οὐ φησὶς ἄξιον;
 Pshaw, is there anything particular, wherefore
 thou sayest thee not worth?
 ζυνειδέναι τί μοι δοκεῖς στυγερῶ καλόν.
 Thou art conscious, methinks, to be some-
 how gentleman-like.

Αλλ. { μῶν ἐκ καλῶν εἶ κ' ἀγαθῶν;
 Art thou perhaps sprung out of a noble and good
 { μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς, {family?
 Nay, by the gods,

Αημ. { εἰ μὴ ἔκ πονηρῶν γ'·
 out of ruffians and gaol-birds.
 { ὦ μακάριε τῆς τύχης,
 What a lucky chance is this!

ὅσον πέπονθα; ἀγαθὸν εἰς τὰ πράγματα.
 With great a success thou art to be crowned then.

Αλλ. ἀλλ', ὦ γὰρ, οὐδὲ μουσικὴν ἐπίσταμαι,
 Bat, man, confound me, I know not even music,
 πλὴν γραμμάτων, καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.
 nothing but grammar, and this scarcely too.

Δημ. τούτι μόνον σ' ἔβλαψεν, ὅτι καὶ κακὰ κακῶς.

This only is much against thee — a damped cram
piece of frippery, indeed ! —

ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικῷ

Demagogy by no means does like musicians,
ἐ'τ' ἐστὶν ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ χρηστοῦ τούς τρόπους,
nor with honest people deals;

ἀλλ' εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρόν

but with ignorant and impudent pieces of brass....

Δλλ. θκυμάζω δ' ὅπως

I wonder how I

τὸν δῆμον οἶός τ' ἐπιτροπέειν εἰμ' ἐγώ.

may be able to manage the affairs of the
commonwealth.

Δημ. φαυλότατον ἔργον ταυθ' ἄπερ ποιεῖς ποῖσι·

A cat and fiddle! what thou art doing go on doing.

τάραττε καὶ χόρδευ' ὁμοῦ τὰ πράγματα

mix up and likewise stuff, as though they were
chopped and minced meat,

ἅπαντά, καὶ τὸν δῆμον αἰὲ προσποιού

all affairs and ever conquer and foolify the people,

ὑπογλυκύνων ῥημητίοις μαγειρικοῖς.

cajoling them with cookery words.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα σοι πρόσσεστι δημαγωγικά,

The other» becoming demagogical requisites
belong thee already:

φωνὴ μιαιρά, γέγονας κακῶς, ἀγόραιοις εἶ·

a loud, high-sounding voice, a shameless ex-
traction, and a bouncing, market-beter's air.

ἔχεις ἅπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δεῖ. (1)

— thou hast all which politics wants. —

Wild-quizzical sketches these — grave and precise in the sternness of their warning — of that swollen boiling and turbid bubbling up of all rascalities, mendacities and wiggeries, suffocatingly blowing in the grey twilight of the agitated Athenian form of democracy, led, through proud eminence, to utter decay and death.

One other fine-drawn sketch, significant of many, let us notice, in Aristophanes's *Θεσμοφοριαζουσαι*, through which we can get one faint glimpse of the familiar concerns of Chaucer's England, as it will be noticed by us, when the time comes.

It is *Μνησίλοχος* pleading, in the shape of a woman, before an areopagus of women in favour of Euripides, whose wrongs did set a scandal on their sex.

τὸ μὲν, ὦ γυναῖκες, ὀξυθυμεῖσθαι σφόδρα

To be, women, forcibly angry

Εὐριπίδῃ, τοιαῦτ' ἀκουίσας κακά,

with Euripides, on hearing these wile tales,

οὐ θαυμάσιόν ἐστ', οὐδ' ἐπιζεῖν τὴν χολήν.

by no means is such as to excite wonder, nor boiling wrath.

καὺτὴ γὰρ ἔγωγ', οὕτως ὀναίμην τῶν τέκνων,

I myself too, may I thus avail my children,

μισῶ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκεῖνον, εἰ μὴ μίνεμαι.

do detest this man, even if I do not run mad therefore.

ὁμῶς δ' ἐν ἀλλήλαιοι χρη δοῦναι λόγον·

Yet we ought to speak of self-affairs;

(1) *Aristophanis Comoedias edidit Theodorus Bergk — Lipsiae. MDCCCLXXVIII.*

αὐταὶ γάρ ἐσμεν, κοῦδεμί' ἐκποροῦ λόγου.
 we are alone, nobody of us will be the divulger thereof.
 τί ταῦτ' ἔχουσαι κεῖνον αἰτιώμεθα
 Why, being overfull of lecheries, do we upbraid him,
 βαρέως τε φέρομεν, εἰ δὴ ἡμῶν ἢ τρεῖς
 and cannot by any means forbear him, if (but of two or three
 κακὰ ξυνειδώς εἶπε δρώσας μυρία;
 iniquities of ours cognizant) divulges them, whilst we did my-
 ἐγὼ γάρ αὐτὴ πρῶτον, ἵνα μὴ ἄλλην λέγω, [rhaps?
 I first, to speak of no other,
 ζύνοιδ' ἐμυτῇ πολλὰ δαίν'· ἐκείνο δ' οὖν
 own to have done a good many mischiefs myself. That is, indeed,
 δεινότατον, ὅτε νύμφη μὲν ἦν τρεῖς ἡμέρας,
 the foulest of them: when I was still a three days' bride,
 ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ παρ' ἐμοὶ καθεῦδεν· ἦν δέ μοι φίλος,
 and my man by my side slept; there was a male deer of mine,
 ὅσπερ με διεκρέυσεν οὖσαν ἐπτάτιν·
 who did break my virgin knot, when I was seven years old.
 οὗτος πόθῳ μου ἔκλυεν ἐλθὼν τὴν θύραν·
 He, taint with unchaste desire of me, scratched, coming, the door.
 κατ' εὐθύς ἔγνων· εἶτα καταβαίνω λάθρα.
 I straight hit it; stole forth the bed.
 ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ ἐρωτᾷ, ποῖ σὺ καταβαίνει; ὅποι;
 My man asks me: whitherward art thou going down?
 στρόφος μ' ἔχει τὴν γαστέρ', ὦνερ, κώδυνη·
 The girdle clenches me the bowels too fast, man, and griping
 pains I am suffering;
 ἐς τὸν κοπρῶν οὖν ἔρχομαι. — βάδιζε νυν·
 to the privy therefore I am going — Be gone then.

καὶ θ' ὁ μὲν ἔτριβεν καδρίδας, ἄννηθον, σφάκον·
Meanwhile he minced cedar, anise, sage.

ἐγὼ δὲ κατταχέατα τοῦ στροφῆως ὕδωρ
I, after moistening the door-hinges with water,
ἐξῆλθον ὡς τὸν μοιχόν· εἴτ' ἐρείδομυ·
went to my male deer; leant

παρὰ τὸν Ἀγυῖν, κύβδ' ἐχομένη τῆς δάφνης·
against Apollo's altar, prone, near the laurel

ταῦτ' οὐδεπώποτ' εἴφ', ὀρᾷτ', Εὐριπίδης·

That by no means unfolded, see, Euripides,
οὐδ' ὡς ὑπὸ τῶν δούλων τε κώρεωκόμων
nor how we even slaves and mule-drivers

σποδοῦμεθ', ἣν μὴ' ἤλωμεν ἕτερον, οὐ λέγει
make our delight, if by chance we have no other by,
οὐδ' ὡς, ὅταν μάλισθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ ληκώμεθα
nor how, after being melt by our lover in lascivious lusty fire
τὴν νύχθ', ἔωθεν σκόροδα διχμασώμεθα,

all night, as soon it is early morn, we eat some garlic,

ἔν' ὁσφρόμενος ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ τείγους εἰσιῶν
lest, by way of smelling, our cuckold man, entering,
μηδὲν κακὸν δρᾶν ὑποτοπῇται. ταῦθ', ὀρᾷτ',

in any dishonesty may suspect. That, see,
οὐπώποτ' εἴπεν. εἰ δὲ Φαίδραν λοιδορεῖ,
he did never lay bare. If he does Phœdra revile,
ἡμῖν τί τοῦτ' ἔστ'; οὐδ' ἐκείν' εἰρηκέ πω,
what to us? nor he ever unfolded

ὡς ἡ γυνὴ δεικνύσκει τ' ἀνδρὶ τοῦ γυναικῶνος
how a woman, by showing to her man the orb,

ὕπ' αὐγάς οἷόν ἐστιν, ἐγκεκλυμένον
fair-shining in the sky, hidden from the eye,
τὸν μοιχὸν ἐξέπεμψεν, οὐκ εἰρηκέπω.

her male deer sped away, that he never unfolded.

ἑτέρην δ' ἐγὼ δ' ἢ φασκεν ὠδίνειν γυνή
Another woman, I avouch, feigned to feel the pains of child-birth:

δέχ' ἡμέρας, ἕως ἐπρίατο παιδίον·

ten days long, till she brought forth at length a child.

ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ περιήρχετ' ὠκυτόκι' ὠνούμενος·

Her man went round meanwhile majestic drugs to buy;

τὸ δ' εἰσέφερε γράυς ἐν χύτρᾳ τὸ παιδίον,
a hag came home, bringing, hidden in a pot, a child

ἵνα μὴ βοῶν, κηρίῳ βαβυσμένον·

lest he might cry, with a honey comb replete;

εἶθ' ὡς ἔνευσεν ἡ φέρουσ', εὐθύς βοᾷ,

at the bringer's wink, suddenly she cried out:

ἄπελθ' ἄπελθ', ἥδη γὰρ ὄνερ μοι δοκῶ

get thee gone, get thee gone, for I already, man, feel me

τέξειν· τὸ γὰρ ἦτρον τῆς χύτρης ἐλάκτισεν.

bringing forth: the pot's guts were kicking, indeed.

χὼ μὲν γεγηθὼς ἔτρεχεν, ἡ δ' ἐξέσπασεν

Her man exultingly ran; she took the honey-comb

ἐκ τοῦ στόματος τοῦ παιδίου, τὸ δ' ἀνέκραγεν.

out of the child's mouth and straight the child cried—

εἶθ' ἡ μικρὰ γράυς, ἢ φερὲν τὸ παιδίον,

Then the foul hag, the child's bringer,

θεῖ μειδιάσα πρὸς τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ λέγει,

runs smilingly to the man and says:

λέων λέων σοι γέγονεν, αὐτέκμαγμα σόν,
a lion, a very lion was born thee, a picture of thyself,
 τά τ' ἄλλ' ἀπαξάπκντ' καὶ τὸ πόσθιον
in any other limb and the prepuce too
 τῷ σῷ προσόμοιον, στρεβλὸν ὥπερ κύτταρον.
thee alike, arched as a vault.
 ταῦτ' οὐ ποιοῦμεν τὰ κακὰ; νῆ τὴν Ἄρτεμιν,
Did we perhaps by no means devise so many knaveries?
 ἡμεῖς γε. καὶ τ' Εὐριπίδῃ θυμούμεθα, [By Artemis,
you too did many. Why then do we fall out with Euripides,
 οὐδὲν παθούσαι μεῖζον ἢ δεδράκμεν;
whilst we by no means are charged with more than we did?

These are mordent, saucy and fully developed pictures, indeed, — sometimes lusty, never untrue — through which all greek political and private life with its own follies, wickednesses, infirmities and convulsions force itself upon us — a growing piece of texture, such as the sun descries out of the loamy clod, and weaves in a myriad of flowery rustling boughs, lengthening to the horizon round. —

Within almost the same degree of sincerity and sharpness of touch, with a clearly marked family likeness, there comes the following passage in the Iliad, XIV — Διὸς ἀπάτη — the most true and unquestioning text I know to the sensuous sparkling pagan life, of which some streamlet, stealthily running through the silence of ages, poured a new fructifying mould upon the wild pastures of early England, and, hidden among the dim - gleaming shadows of the northern woods, and roving at large amid the smoky southern lawns, stretched far across Europe, and fed those hidden roots of earnest

cheery vigour and intense stirring energy which had been withered by the blast of medieval spiritual gloom.

Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσοθρόνος ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
 Hera, high on her gold glittering throne,
 στᾶσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμπου ἀπὸ ρίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
 stood just above Olympus brow, downward gazing. In a sudden,
 τὸν μὲν πομπύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδᾶναιραν,
 she saw heavy-breathing in the mighty glorious fight
 αὐτοκασιγνητον καὶ δάερν, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·
 her full brother and her husband's and enjoyed in her mind.
 Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπίδακος Ἰδης
 Jove on the highest top of fountful Ida,
 ἥμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερὸς δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
 sitting she saw; dreary he slid into her heart.
 μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βρωπις πότνια Ἥρη
 The ox-eyed venerable Hera pondered over
 ὅπως ἐκπάρφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγίοχοιο.
 how she might mislead aegis — wearing Jove's mind.
 ἦδε δὲ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή,
 Such then at her mind knocked wise counsel:
 εἰλθεῖν εἰς Ἰδην εὖ ἐντύνασθαι ἐκ αὐτῆς,
 she should go straight to Ida, charmingly adorned, to try
 εἰ πως ἰμείραιτο παρὰδραθέειν φιλότῃτι
 whether he burnt still to nestle in lustful love
 ἢ χοιρῇ τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπῆμονά τε λικρόν τε
 close by her body; a warm sound slumber
 χεῦν ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησιν.
 she should then shed on his eye-lids and wise mind.

Βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἐς θάλαμον, τόν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν,
Thus she went straight to her alcove, which her beloved
son, Hephaestus, had constructed for her,

Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν
* and whose solid gates he had with pillars strengthened,
κληῖδι κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνώγειν.

by means of a secret key, which no other God unclosed.

ἔνθ' ἦγ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινάς.

Being within, she shut its bright golden gates.

ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροῶς ἱμερόεντος

With distilled ambrosia first from her charming body

λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,

all dirt cleansed, anointed herself with fat olive oil,

ἀμβροσίῳ ἐδανῶ, τὸ ρά οἱ τεθωμένον ἦεν·

ambrosial food, which on her fragrance shed.

τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χαλκοβυτῆς δῶ

From thundering Jove's brazen dome,

ἔμπης ἐς γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἵκετ' αὐτμή.

through earth and heaven, rolled a streamy scent.

τῷ ῥ' ἦγε χροῶ καλὸν ἀλειψυμένη, ἰδὲ χαίτας

With it having she fairly anointed her body and combed her hair

πεξαμένη, χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φεινούς,

she with her hands her bright ringlets overtwin'd,

καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους, ἐκ κράτος ἀθανάτοιο.

fair and ethereal, round her immortal head.

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἐκνὸν ἔσθθ', ὅν οἱ Ἀθήνη

Around her an ambrosial vest she cast, which Athene

ἔξυσ' ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ' ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά·

elaborately wrought, and with many a wonder starred.

χρυσείης δ' ἐνετῆσι κατὰ στῆθος περονᾶτο.
 She by silver buckles it to her breast fastened,
 ζώσατο δὲ ζώνην ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀρχρυῖαν,
 girded herself with a zone, with one hundred fringes sparkling,
 ἐν δ' ἄρα ἔρματα ἔκεν εὐτρήτοισι λοβοῖσιν,
 the rear-rings she suspended to her well-pierced ears,
 τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.
 bright, starred with three drops around. Majestic grace round
 κρηδέμνω δ' ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεῶν [her shone.
 Close within a veil hid the queen of the Goddesses,
 καλῶ νηγατέω· λευκὸν δ' ἦν ἡέλιος ὤς·
 within a veil fair and new; white it was just like the sun,
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.
 to her fleshy feet donned her sandal shoes.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντα περὶ χροῖ' θήκατο κόσμον,
 Thus charmingly, her body all round arrayed,
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ' Ἀφροδίτην
 she stepped out of her alcove, called Aphrodite,
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν
 from all other Gods apart, and thus she said her:
 « Ἢ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅτιτι κεν εἴπω,
 Wouldst thou grant me what, beloved daughter, I crave thee for,
 ἢ κεν ἀρνῆσθαι, κοτεσσαμένη τόγε θυρῶ,
 or wouldst thou my suit reject, grown angry in thy heart,
 οὐνεκ' ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρῶεσσιν ἀρήγεις;
 for I to the Greeks, thou to the Trojans bringest aid. »
 Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
 Her thus in answer spake, Love's daughter, Aphrodite.
 « Ἢρῃ, πρέσβα θεᾷ, θυγάτηρ μεγάλιοι Κρόνιοι,
 Hera, venerable Goddess, daughter of the mighty Chronos,

αὐδὰ ὃ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
say what rolls deep in thy mind; to fulfil thy vows my
inmost heart inclines,

εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν. »
if it is in my power or proper to be allowed.

Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνιξ Ἥρη
Her the wily Venerable Hera thus in answer spake:

« δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότῃτα καὶ ἱμερον, ἅτε σὺ πάντας
grant me now the love charms, and lustful wish, by which thou
δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἡδὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.

exertest thy sway upon the immortals and the mortal men.

εἶμι γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
I am about, indeed, to go yon to all nurturing earth's poles,

Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
Ocean, the begetter of the Gods, and mother Tethys to see,

οἳ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν εὖ τρέφον ἡδ' ἀτίταλλον,
who me in their domes well nourished and bred,

δεξάμενοι Ῥεΐης, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
as they took me from Rhea, when far seeing Jove,

γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης.
down to the earth, hurled, and to the barren sea, Chronos.

τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·
Thither I go to see them, and their unextinguishable strife to ease,

ἥδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
for already long they have been living separated

εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότῃτος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
of bed and love, since anger swayed their mind.

εἰ κείνων γ' ἐπέεσσ' ἱπαραίπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ
If by dint of strow'ing healing soothing balmy words on their

εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσχιμ' ἰομώθῃναι φιλότῃτι, [dear hearts,
I would get them to enjoy their bed, and love-charms again,

αἰεὶ κέ σφι φίλη τε καὶ αἰδοίη καλεοίμην. »
ever by them a friend and a venerable Goddess should I be called.

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
 Thus in answer her spake laughter-loving Aphrodite.

« οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·
It is neither right nor allowable thy word to fling back,
 Ζηνὸς γάρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἱκύεις. »
for in all-potent Jove's arms thou sleepest.

Ἥ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστόν ἱμάντα
 She from her breast loosed her stitched cestus,
 ποικίλον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
 with sparkles marked; therein all cunning charms lay;
 ἔνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἴμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
 therein lustful madding fever, ardent wish, sweet converse,
 πάρφας, ἧτ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύκκα περ φρονούντων.
 and doting babble, which did the mind steal even from the sages.
 τὸν ῥά οἱ ἐμβαλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν
 Such a cestus she laid on her hand, and, calling her ten-
 derly, by name, said thus:

« τῇ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τεῶ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,
Take such a cestus, hide it within thy lap,
 ποικίλον, ᾧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται· οὐδέ σέ φημι
 with speckles marked, in which all love charms lie; nor I say thee
 ἀπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ᾧ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς.
to come back, till thou hast fulfilled what in thy mind che-
 Ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη, [i.e. *Irishest.*
 Thus she spoke; smiled the ox-eyed venerable Hera,
 μειδήσασα δ' ἔπειτα ἔῳ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.
 and, still with smile beaming, she concealed it in her lap.

Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
 Moved then to her dome, God's daughter, Aphrodite;
 Ἦρῃ δ' αἶψα λαίπεν ρίον Οὐλύμποιο,
 Hera hastily left Olympus' brow,
 Πιερίην δ' ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἠμαθίην ἐραττείνην
 Pieria crossed and Emathia ever pleasant,
 σεύατ' ἐρ' ἱπποπόλων ὄρεα νιρόεντα,
 her winged aery flight spread through the snowy hills of
 the horse - racing Thraces,
 ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς· οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτει ποδοῖν·
 and the high - towering tops; nor she ever touched with
 her feet the ground.
 ἔξ Ἀθώω δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσετο κυμαίνοντα,
 She from Athos to the waving sea flew down,
 Λῆμον δ' εἰσπρίκνεν, πόλιν θείοιο Θέαντος.
 reached Lemnos, the thunderer's city.
 ἔνθ' Ὕπνω ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ,
 There she met Hypnos, Death's half - brother,
 ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῶ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνομαζεν.
 his hand she pressed, and tenderly calling him by name,
 thus, she him addressed:
 « Ὕπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,
 Hypnos, who exer'est thy sway over all Gods and men,
 ἡμὲν δὴ ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἐκλυες, ἥδ' ἐτι καὶ νῦν
 if ever thou didst bend thy ear to a word of mine, now too-
 πείθευ· ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἡμῶν πάντα.
 my prayer speed. I will live to be ever thankful unto thee for it.,
 κοίμησόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ὅσσε φαίνω,
 seal me Jove's beaming eye - brows,
 αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ κεν ἐγὼ παρκαλέζομαι ἐν φιλότῃ.
 whilst I lie in love's rapture clasped.

δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ,
I will grant thee a gorgeous gold throne, uncorrupted for ever.
 χρύσειον Ἥφαιστος δέ κ' ἐμὸς παῖς ἀμφιγυῖεις

* *Hephaestus, my child, in his both feet crippled,*
 τευξεί ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυν ποσὶν ἦσει,
shall mould it skilfully, and beneath, a foot-stool lay, "
 τῷ κεν ἐπισχοίης λιπαροῦς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων.
on which thou mayst impose thy plump feet, when banqueting.
 τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος
In answer thus her said soft Hypnos:

« Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεᾷ, θύγατερ μεγάλιο Κρόνιοιο,
Hera, Venerable Goddess, daughter of great Chronos,
 ἄλλον μὲν κεν ἔγωγε θεῶν αἰείγενετᾶων
every one I can of all immortal Gods
 ῥεῖα κατευνήσαιμι, καὶ ἄν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα
easily lull unto slumber, even streamy Ocean 's surges,
 Ὡκεανοῦ, ὅσπερ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται:

* *of all things begetter.*
 Ζηνὸς δ' οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε Κρονίονος ἄσπον ἱκοίμην,
Jove Chronos-born I would yet by no means approach
 οὐδὲ κατευνήσαιμι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύει.
or cause to rest, but when he bids me.

ἡδὴ γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεῖ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμῇ,
Another heft of thine blest me with a wiser mind already,
 ἡμάτι τῷ ὅτε καῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς
when Jove 's proud son
 ἐπλεεν Ἰλίοθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαπατάξας.
sailed from Ilion, after Troy sank, a smoking ruin on the
 ἥτοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔλεξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο [ground].
I aegis-shaking Jove 's mind lulled to slumberous rest,

νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· σὺ δὲ οἱ κακὰ μήσαο θυμῷ,
a soft slumber pouring on his watchful eyes. Thou meanwhile
dark' though's wert brooding,

ὄρσας' ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἄήτας,
didst raise fierce a wind on the sea,

καὶ μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναιομένην ἀπένεικας,
and him on the Coan shore, stocked with people, didst toss,
νόσφι φίλων πάντων. ὁ δ' ἐπεγρόμενος χυλὴν πάλιν,
torn far from all friends, he, starting broad awoken, got
suddenly incensed,

ρίπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεοῦς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔζοχα πάντων
and driving through the Olympian hall the Gods, me chiefly
ζήτει· καὶ κέ μ' αἴστον ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἔμβαλε πόντω,
chased; and me wretched from heaven had hurled headlong in
εἰ μὴ Νύξ δμῆτιρα θεῶν εσάωσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν [the sea,
had not Night, sovereign of men and gods, rescued me,
τὴν ἰκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δ' ἐπαύσατο, χωόμενός περ.

To her I repaired fleeing, he cooled his anger,
ἄλγετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποθύμια ἔρδοι.
for he revered her nor to swift night would he do any wrong.
νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἄνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι. »
Now again thou biddest me to try another hard attempt!

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρα
Him thus in answer said the ox-eyed venerable Hera:

« Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;
Hypnos, why dost thou such fear in thy mind brood?

ἢ φῆς ὥς Τρῶεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
Dost thou perchance think may far-seeing Jove aid the Trojans,
ὥς Ἡρακλῆος περιχώσατο, πικρὸς ἐοῖο;
as when he for Heracles got incensed, his son?

ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτερῶν

Come on! I the minor of the young Charites

δῶσω ἐπυιέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκληῖσθαι ἄλοιτιν

grant thee in wedlock, that thou may greet her thy wife

[Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἐέλδεται ἥματα πάντα.] »

— *Pasithea, on whom thou long since doatest* —

“ὦς φάτο, χήρατο δ' Ὕπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ πρὸς ἡύδα·

She spake and Hypnos rejoiced, and in answer thus he said:

« ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὁμοσσον ἄκατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ·

Come on, swear presently by the greedy Styx' waves,

χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἐτέρῃ μὲν ἔλῃ χθόνα πολυβότειραν,

let one hand touch the foodful earth

τῇ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἄλλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶϊν ἅπαντες

and the other the beaming sea, that there may us

μάρτυροι ὥς οἱ ἔνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες,

be witnesses all nethermost gods who Chironos all round begird,

ἧ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτερᾶσιν,

that thou shall grant me the minor of the young charites,

Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἥματα πάντα. »

Pasithea, on whom I long since doat.

“ὦς ἔφατ' οὐδ', ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,

Thus he said, nor durst white — elbowed Hera disobey;

ὥμνε δ' ὥς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαντας

she swore, as she was bidden; the gods she invoked all,

τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.

who the tartarean kingdoms dwell, Titans by name.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὁ ὅμοσέν τε τελευτήσέν τε τὸν ὄρκον,

Thus she swore, and, as soon she uttered such an oath,

τῷ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἰμβρου ἄστν λιπόντες,

they strode over Lemnos and Imbrus city,

ἤερ' ἐσσαμένω, ῥίμῃ πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.

and, with air clad, steered their swift flight aloft.

Ἴδην δ' ἐκίσθην πολυπίδακκα, μητέρα θηρῶν,

Ide they clomb fount-ful and begetter of savage game,

Λεκτὸν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἄλα· τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου

on Lectos they first left the sea. Through firm land then

βήτην, ἀκροτάτῃ δὲ ποδῶν ὑπο σείετο ὕλη.

they went; the highest mount's woody top under their feet

shook throughout.

ἐνθ' ὕπνος μὲν ἔμεινε πάρος Διὸς· ὅσσε ἰδέσθαι,

There Hypnos balted, that Jove's eyes might not perceive him;

εἰς ἐλάτην ἀναβὰς περιμήκετον, ἣ τότε ἐν Ἴδῃ

a pine clomb high, which in Ide

μακροτάτῃ περυσία δι' ἡέρος, αἰθέρ' ἔκταν·

— a large giant bulk grown — through the air, skyward, rears;

ἐνθ' ἦσ' ὁ ζοῖσιν πεπικυμένους εἰλκτινοῖσιν,

there he stood into the gloom of the thickest shade, hidden

amid pine branches.

ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦντ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν

a melodious bird-like, which in the mountains

χαλκίδα κυκλήσκουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.

Chalcis call the Gods, the men Cymindis.

Ἴηρ δὲ κραίπνῃς προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον

Hera shot straight to the Gargarns' top

Ἰδης ὑψηλῆς· ἶδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς.

of high Ida; cloud compelling Jove perceived her.

ὥς δ' ἶδεν, ὥς μιν Ἔρως περικινᾷ φρένας ἀμφοτέρωθεν,

As soon he saw her, Eros his wise mind veiled all round,

οἷον ὅτε πρῶτον περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότῃ,

as when first they mixed in love.

εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας. [parents.
 and the bed enjoyed stealthily, unperceived by their dear
 στῆ δ' αὐτῆς προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἕκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν
 He came over to her and her said thus, her by name greeting:
 « Ἥρη, πῇ μεμαυῖα κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνεις;
Hera, what art thou about to search, from Olympian doms away?
 ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβλήης. »
by neither horse nor chariot driven, as it is thy wont? »
 Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη
 Him thus the artful Venerable Hera in answer said:
 ἔρχομαι ὀψομένη πολυπόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
« I am about indeed to go yon to all - nurturing earth's poles,
 Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
Ocean, the begetter of the Gods, and mother Tethys to see.
 οἳ μ' ἐν σποῖσι δόμοισιν εὖ τρέφον ἡδ' ἀτίτχλλον·
who me in their domes well nourished and bred;
 τοὺς εἴμι ὀψομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄχαιτα νείκεα λύσω.
thither I go to see them, and their unextinguishable strife to end.
 ἦδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
 For already long it is they live separated
 εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
of bed and love, since anger swayed their mind.
 ἵπποι δ' ἐν πρυμνωρεῖη πολυπίδακος Ἰδης;
 My steeds yonder, by the fountful Ide's snattered side,
 ἐστᾶσ', οἳ μ' οἴσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερὴν τε καὶ ὕγρην.
 I did stop, those which drive me rapt through land and sea.
 νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνω,
 Now, for thy sake, hither from Olympus I come,
 μή πῶς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσῃς, αἶ κε σωπῇ
 that thou mightest not afterwards get incensed for my silently

οἷχῳμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαρυρροῦ Ὀκεανοῖο. »
 going to the door of deep - streaming Ocean. »
 Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
 To her thus in answer said cloud - compelling Jove:
 « Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὁρμηθῆναι,
 Hera, thither thou mayest ever afterwards go,
 νῶϊ δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότῃ τράπειμεν εὐνηθέντε
 come on! let us first enjoy, in love's delicious rapture, the
 οὐ γὰρ πώποτε μ' ὦδε θεὰς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς. [bed;
 never for any Goddess or woman Eros
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσαν,
 * in my breast spreading, my heart won thus,
 (οὐδ' ὅπότε ἤρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,
 (neither when I got smit with Ixion's bride,
 ἥ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θέοφιν μῆστωρ' ἀτάλαντον
 who brought forth Pirithous, Godlike, wise in council,
 οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανάης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιῶνης,
 neither when I got smit with Danaë, fair footed Acrisione,
 ἥ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκτεον ἀνδρῶν
 who bore Perseus, amid all men long after known,
 οὐδ' ὅτε Φοῖνικος κόρης τηλεκλειτοῖο,
 neither when I was smit with Phoenix, a damsel foremost in fame,
 ἥ τέκε μοι Μίνω τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν
 who bore me Minos and god-like Rhadamanth;
 οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ θήβῃ,
 neither when I got smit with Semele or Alcmena in Thebes,
 ἣ ῥ' Ἡρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γείνατο πιδᾶ
 who bore dauntless Heracles child,
 ἣ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάριμα βροτοῖσιν
 while Semele bore Dionysius, blest in all those charms that
 please men,

οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος καλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,
 neither when I got smit with Demeter, fair-haired queen,
 οὐδ' ὁπότε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,)
 nor when I got smit with Latona well-known, nor with thyself,
 ὡς σέο νῦν ἔραμαι καὶ με γλυκὺς ἡμερος αἰρεῖ. »
 as I am burning now for thee, and a sweet desire seizes me. »
 Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη
 Him the wile—ful thus answered venerable Hera:
 « αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον εἵπες.
 Mighty Jove Chronos-born, what dost thou say?
 εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότῃτι λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι
 dost thou wish now in love to lie down
 Ἰδῆς ἐν κορυφῇσι, τὰ δὲ προπέφονται ἅπαντα,
 on Idaean brow, being all spectators?
 πῶς κ' εἴοι, εἴ τις νοῖ θεῶν αἰετιγενετῶν
 Here there may be present some one of the immortals;
 εὐδοντ' ἀθήρῃσει, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν
 who, seeing us sleep, might to all Gods go,
 περράδοι; οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε τεὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην
 and say it: how could I to thy dome then return,
 ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἶη.
 from the bed rising? That would be shameful!
 ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ ῥ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
 But, if thou dost covet it, and with ardour does thy heart glow,
 ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τὸν τοι φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
 there is thy alcove, which for thee thy dear child constructed
 Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν. [ned]
 Hephaestus, and whose solid gates he with pillars round strengthe-
 ἔνθ' ἴομεν κείμεντες, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὐαδεν εὐνή. »
 let us go thither to lie, since pleases thee the genial bed to enjoy,

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς

Her thus in answer said cloud-compelling Jove:

« Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τόγε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν

« Hera, fear not, no God or mortal

ὄψεσθαι. τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω,

shall see us. Such a golden cloud will conceal thee all round,

γρύσειον· οὐδ' ἂν νῶϊ διχδράκοι Ἥελιός περ,

* that not even Helios might look through,

οὔτε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσοράσθαι. »

nor the keenest new — risen day light might spy

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀγκάς ἐμαρπτε Κρόνου παῖς τ' ἂν παράκοιτιν·

And straight in his arms Jove, Chronos born, clasped his wife

τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθῶν δῖα φύεν νεοθιγέα ποίην,

and beneath them the divine ground grew new verdant herbs,

λωτόν θ' ἐρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον τῶ ὑάκινθον

lotus dewy and crocus and hyacinth

πυκνὸν καὶ μυχκόν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργεν.

thick and soft, which from the ground upheld them high

τῷ ἐνὶ λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο

Therein they lay, in a veil of clouds shrouded,

καλὴν χρυσεῖην· στίλπναι δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔρσαι

beautiful, with gold inwoven, bright fell a shower of dewy
drops down.

ὣς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὐδὲ πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρω ἄκρῳ

As Jove father sinks to quiet on Gargarus' top,

ὑπνῷ καὶ φιλότῃτι δαμνεί, εἴγε δ' ἀγκάς ἀΐκοιτιν·

with sleep and love exhausted, in his wife's womb,

βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος,

went straight to the navy of the Achaei soft Hypnos

ἀγγελίην ἑρέων γαῖηόχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ.

the message to bring to the earth — girding Ennosigaeus,

ἀγγού δ' ἰστάμενος, ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα
and accosting him, such winged words he said:

« Πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Ποσειδάων, ἐπάμυνε,
« In aid of the Danaï, Posideon, engage thyself,

καί σπιν χυθός ο' παῖς μίνυνθά περ, ὅφρ' ἔτι ἐϋδῇ
and set them in glory what time Jove's eyes be sealed in sleep,
Ζεὺς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μαλακὸν περὶ κῶμ' ἐκάλυφα·

* for I him with soft lethargic charms lulled,
Ἥρη δ' ἐν φιλότῃτι πρὸς ἡπάφην εὐνηθῆναι. »
whilst Hera in love — heat got him by fraud to lie. »

Thus far we have been seeing of what mould or substance, how boned and fleshed, how tied and manacled with joint or limb are Homer's imagineries.

Let us go a step farther now with Chaucer's own sharp-cut pictures — in which all vivid and living people wear the plain every day clothes of the time — how different and yet in many respects how like Homer's pictures, whether penned in serious vein or jocose.

Sprightlier and truer comparative results will be attainable for us by their mere juxtaposition in the wild naïve way of clustering about their natural stalk.

In Homer we cannot be but strongly shocked by such a kind of betraying power, seemingly unholy and ungodly, infecting with the vile mephitic vapours, and dimming with the high expanded shade of its graceful lies, hypocrisies, and speciosities the idea of divinity. Yet the fact that Homer maintains still some sense of spiritual prompting — divine white heat — in such wily opulence, flourishing all round in those foaming fens, is no doubt remarkable.

Nor is yet possible to lose sight of the realistic temper of the greek mind, bent to cast god-head into a corporeal

tangible mould, and to bring back, as in a mirror, the image of its own humanity.

Nothing can possibly bring out a more affecting result than the above stated sketch Homer has fashioned us — chiefly a mere epigrammatic sputter of god-head, proceeding through all errors and follies of humanity, until its more spiritual part grows gradually smaller and so much of it, as by nature adheres an animal mould, is left.

Rightly conceived, Homer's sketch is not so much a token of a dim, flimsy idea of the divine nature of the Gods as a token of a deep insight into the human.

So far as we can notice, man, in the way of indulging or solacing ingenuous human instinct of worship, obeys the Gods and sacrifices to them; but such a quiet worship, well tempered with a gay humorous mockery, with a light flowing banter, with a rebuke or a reprobation — whenever their behaviour may appear somehow ungodly and unholy or less lovely, wise or veracious than man's behaviour — slides never into an unpleasant, utterly dejected, down-cast spirit.

Nothing can better than this passage—*Διὸς ἀπαρτι*—help us to the farther changes, still undeciphered, in Chaucer's derivative temper, and enable us to proceed on calling in our view the bodily presence of his personages and meddle with the transactions and religious mockeries of an epoch, of which the entire upshot was a social caste-system under priestly rule, temporal misbehaviour, and corporate forms of industry.

LEAVE

There ought have been a philological glossary in this volume.

Signor Vincenzo Molino, always swift to put out his hand to force a trip into a fall, has unfairly and ungainly refused me just now the free usage and aid at home of the *English Imperial Dictionary* by Ogilvie, belonging to the library of the royal Technical Institute, where I give my oral teaching.

Then the glossary is deferred; it will be given at the close of the second part of this work.

May meanwhile **Signor Molino** achieve power to be just and kind to everybody and keep all bitterness and unscholarlike opposition within sufferable bounds.

Modica, November 1902.

Gino Capone

(1) *The Imperial Dictionary of the English Language* by John Ogilvie — New Edition by Charles Annandale — illustrated by above three thousand engravings printed in the text — Blackie and Son, Limited — London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin.

POSTILLA

*Mi parrebbe di essere peggio che scortese, sleale, se nel licenziare gli ultimi fogli di questo volumetto, non ricordassi con grato animo qui in calce che la vertenza coll' egregio Preside, CAV. VINCENZO MOLINO circa l' uso dello **Imperial Dictionary**, di cui è cenno nel mio **Congedo** (Leave) è stata in seguito, mercè l'opera conciliatrice dell' Esimio Prof. LUIGI MARINO, lustro e decoro de l'Ateneo Catanese, a cui vada memore il mio reverente saluto, onorevolmente composta. Cadono quindi gli apprezzamenti **ab-irato** ivi fatti e lealmente riconosco nel Preside Molino su ricordato un aiutatore benevolo e cortese.*

Modica, li 4 Gennaio 1903.

G. Capone

In preparazione:

J. CAPONE

AN ATTEMPT TOWARDS THE HISTO-
RY OF GLOTTOLOGY, FROM ITS EAR-
LIEST FAINT GLEAMINGS IN PLATO'S
KRATYLOS, ABOUT NAMING RIGHTLY,
TO THE PRESENT TIME * * * *

Ἄρ' οὖν καὶ ἔμᾳ; οὕτω δὲ πρῶτοι μὲν
τὰ φωνήεντα διαλέθαι, ἔπειτα τῶν ἑτέρων
κατ' εἶδη νά τ' ἄφωνα καὶ ἄφθογγα
καὶ τὰ αὐτὰ φωνήεντα μὲν οὐ, οὐ μέντοι γ'
ἄφθογγα; καὶ αὐτῶν τῶν φωνηέντων ὅσα διά-
φορα εἶδη ἔχει ἀλλήλων.

(We must first distinguish vowel sounds, then voiceless and soundless consonants, according to their kind, and those which are neither vowels, nor voiceless and soundless consonants, and, as to the vowels, how many a kind there are, differing each other.)

Πλάτων — Κράτυλος, XXXV.

ERRATA - CORRIGE

Pag. VI	— rigo 13	invece di	ὀππότε	leggasi	ὀππότε
" VIII	— " 21	"	<i>fram</i>	"	<i>from</i>
" VIII	— " 10	"	ἔχει	"	ἔχει
" IX	— " 5	"	ζωπυρίων	"	Ζωπυρίων
" IX	— " 7	"	αἰσθάνεται	"	αἰθάεται
" IX	— " 15	"	τρισκαιδεκάπα'ους	"	τρικαιδεκά- [παχους]
" IX	— " 11	"	ἄψους	"	ἄψους
" IX	— " 11	"	φύρος	"	φύρος
" X	— " 5	"	τυ	"	τυ
" X	— " 15	"	δῆ	"	δῆ
" X	— " 19	"	ἔγχει	"	ἔγχει
" XI	— " 11	"	παῖσθε	"	παῖσθε
" XII	— " 27	"	παρενέυν	"	παρεγθύν
" XIII	— " 8	"	ζεύς	"	Ζεύς
" XIII	— " 12	"	Θεσπέσιος	"	Θεσπέσιος
" XV	— " 4	"	<i>strenger</i>	"	<i>stranger</i>
" XVII	— " 15	"	παίζοις	"	παίζοις
" XX	— " 34	"	Lalin	"	Latin
" XXIX	— " 24	"	ῥ	"	ῥ'
" XXXI	— " 22	"	δῆ	"	δῆ
" XXXIII	— " 14	"	χαλκοβατές	"	χαλκοβατής
" XXXIV	— " 3	"	ὥκύν	"	ὥκύν
" XXXV	— " 3	"	Θεοῖσιν	"	Θεοῖσιν
" XXXV	— " 12	"	willst	"	wilt
" XXXVI	— " 2	"	will	"	would
" XXXVII	— " 15	"	τί	"	τί
" XXXVIII	— " 21	"	beseechs	"	beseech

"	XXXVIII	—	"	20	"	εἰσελθών	"	εἰσελθών
"	XXXIX	—	"	3	"	ἰδω	"	ἰδω
"	XXXIX	—	"	7	"	ἰσώση	"	ἰσώση
"	XL	—	"	7	"	καταχίννη	"	καταχίννη — [Σφήκες — 550-575 —]
"	XLIII	—	"	(nota)	"	<i>edidid</i>	"	<i>edidil</i>
"	XLIX	—	"	6	"	κληῖδι	"	κληῖδι
"	L	—	"	28	"	Iove	"	Jove
"	LIV	—	"	16	"	ἔγωγς	"	ἔγωγς
"	LXI	—	"	29	"	ἄστν	"	ἄστν
"	LVII	—	"	14	"	αἰθερ	"	αἰθερ
"	LIX	—	"	25	"	ὄτε	"	ὄτε
"	LX	—	"	15	"	εὔ	"	εὔ
"	LXI	—	"	21	"	ἔεραι	"	ἔεραι
"	LXII	—	"	5	"	ὄφρ' ἔτι εὔδει	"	ὄφρ' ἔτι εὔδει



DELLO STESSO AUTORE:

In preparazione:

L' Imposta fondiaria

ne la storia de le dottrine e dei fatti economici

The dismal science people will object that their science expressly abstracts itself from moralities, but no science worthy of men (and not worthier of dogs or of devils) has a right to call itself political economy or can exist at all except mainly as a fetid nuisance and a public poison on other terms

Carlyle

N. B. — Ne diamo qui un saggio, tratto da la pregevole Rivista: **La Giurisprudenza del Tribunale di Modica**, diretta dal Cav. Avv. Prof. Antonino Galfo-Ruta, (fasc. del Gennaio 1903.)

I cultori de la scienza sinistra (l'economia politica) obbietteranno che la loro disciplina espressamente astraе da la morale; ma nessuna scienza al mondo degna di uomini (non per avventura degna di cani e diavoli) ha diritto di chiamarsi « economia politica » o può esistere affatto, a meno che non voglia essere un putrido nocumento ed un pubblico tossico, fondata su tutt'altra base che non sia la morale

Carlyle

ERRATA-CORRIGE

A pag. 8 della copert. — rigo 17 invece di *truppo* leggasi *troppo*
 " 4 " " 5 " *firmness* " *firmness*
 " 4 " " 5 " *excess* " *excess*

DIVAGAZIONI ECONOMICHE ⁽¹⁾

IV

Il Thiers considera anch'egli l'imposta dal vecchio punto di vista di premio di assicurazione.

In base a ciò, egli denuncia la progressione come fonte di odio e di arbitrio e stabilisce che ciascuno debba contribuire alle spese pubbliche, in proporzione della ricchezza assicurata, dei diritti protetti.

Se non che autori più recenti obiettano che il premio nelle assicurazioni non è commisurato soltanto alla quantità ed al valore dei beni assicurati, ma al rischio diverso, alla maggiore o minore probabilità di perdita.

Un milione di lire appartenenti ad un

(1) Queste brevi e fugaci note formano parte d'un corso interinale, svolto da la cattedra di Economia Politica nel locale R. Istituto Tecnico di Modica nel Febbraio 1902. Il lettore che abbia vaghezza di leggerle le puntate precedenti è rimandato ai fascicoli della *Giurisprudenza del Tribunale di Modica* del decorso anno.

solo possessore offrono maggior rischio di esser rubate o saccheggiate che lo stesso ammontare distribuito tra una miriade di piccoli possessori.

Aggiungasi a ciò, come sostengono il Condorcet, il Garnier, l'Eisenhart ed il Judeich che i benefici che si ritraggono per ciò dallo Stato crescono più rapidamente che la proprietà od il reddito stesso.

Molte spese pubbliche hanno per obiettivo di proteggere il ricco contro il povero e quindi il ricco potrebbe per ciò stesso contribuire relativamente dippiù.

Il Fauveau, entrando nel vivo dell'argomento, ha tentato di dimostrare che il valore della protezione cresce in ragione più che proporzionale all'incremento del reddito della proprietà.

Il valore della protezione da parte dello Stato per un uomo che possiede un milione non è esattamente il decuplo del valore della protezione per un uomo che possiede centomila dollari.

Se non che il Seligman obietta:

« Un uomo, sfornito interamente di red-

dito o di proprietà, può, facendosi ricoverare in un ospizio di poveri, provocare una spesa di gran lunga maggiore di quella richiesta da cento possessori di un reddito minore.

« Il milionario che si avvale de' suoi propri guardiani, dei suoi propri *detectives* cagiona allo stato una spesa di gran lunga minore di quella richiesta dai minori possessori che per alcuni determinati servigi debbono dipendere interamente dall'azione dello Stato.

« Il ricco manda i propri figli alle scuole private ed ai collegi, il povero ha i suoi figli educati gratuitamente nelle pubbliche scuole.

« Se può esservi comparazione tra le funzioni dello stato ed i privati interessi, lo Stato può essere rassomigliato ad un'impresa ferroviaria, i cui affari e le cui entrate possono crescere grandemente senza produrre un proporzionale incremento di spesa, perchè talune spese sono carichi fissi, non variabili:

« Non costa mica allo Stato dieci volte di più definire una contestazione giudiziaria di mille lire che una lite di cento.

« Alcune spese dello Stato variano col variare della proprietà, ma la massima parte crescono in una ragione men che proporzionale.

« E, dal punto di vista dei vantaggi arrecati, chi oserebbe sostenere che la protezione accordata alla vita ed agli averi di un poveruomo non abbia lo stesso valore di quella accordata alla vita ed agli averi di un uomo ricco sfondolato?

« Se la protezione ed il beneficio dovessero essere il solo criterio misuratore dell'imposta, la scala dovrebbe essere degressiva, anziché progressiva, giacchè nè la protezione nè il beneficio crescono proporzionalmente alla proprietà od al reddito.

« Logicamente, il povero dovrebbe pagare in proporzione maggiore del ricco.

Del resto l'argomentazione, comunque la si giri, in favore o contro l'imposta progressiva, è inconcludente.

La questione dei benefici che un individuo ritrae da l'azione dello stato è una questione meramente psicologica.

Non dovrebbe logicamente condurre nè ad una tassazione proporzionale, nè ad una tassazione progressiva o degressiva che sia.

Il grado di valutazione d'un determinato beneficio da parte del contribuente dipende da una molteplicità di motivi che possono differire in ogni caso individuale.

Un povero può valutarlo più, può valutarlo meno d'un ricco.

Due egualmente ricchi possono valutarlo in due gradi differenti.

Non havvi misura assoluta che tenga dunque.

I benefici sono incommensurabili.

Il Proudhon stesso respinge assolutamente il concetto di assicurazione.

La parola « *assicurazione* » a suo avviso, presa come sinonimo d'imposta, non è in fondo altro che la garanzia data al proprietario contro tutti quei che possono in un modo qualsiasi attentare alla proprietà.

Assimilare l'imposta all'assicurazione, conclude il Proudhon, è arrecare ingiuria alla società.

Emilio de Girardin dice:

« Noi non comprendiamo altrimenti l'imposta che come premio di assicurazione pagata da quei che posseggono per assi-

curarsi contro i rischi che tendono a turbare il loro possesso e godimento ».

Valga per tutti il rischio di rivoluzione.

E uno dei difetti di M. De Girardin, ribatte il Proudhon, quello di non sapersi disfare delle preoccupazioni del suo tempo.

Si vede bene ch'egli ha attraversato la rivoluzione del 1848 e ch'essa gli ha fatto paura. L'idea di fare dell'imposta una assicurazione, se fosse accolta, proverebbe tre cose:

1. che la società, sedicentesi rigenerata dai principii della rivoluzione, non crede punto alla giustizia.

2. ch'essa non crede al diritto di proprietà, ma solo al fatto compiuto.

3. che in conseguenza, per mantenere lo *statu quo*, bisogna ricorrere di rimpetto alle classi non abbienti a tutti i mezzi richiesti a tutelare la sicurezza e che si riassumono in un motto solo: *forza*.

Che vuol intendere, prosegue il Proudhon, M. De Girardin per rischio di rivoluzione? Intende egli il guasto arrecato alla proprietà in una rivolta?

No, il suo concetto non ha una portata così angusta.

Il rischio di rivoluzione è il rischio della rendita, del monopolio, del capitale, quali sono al presente stabiliti. Il rischio di rivoluzione era nel 1789 l'abolizione dei diritti feudali e la ripresa dei beni del clero, nel 1847 il suffragio universale, nel 1852 la conversione dal 5 al $4\frac{1}{2}\%$.

Potrà essere domani la ripresa delle ferrovie e dei diversi servizi pubblici indubitamente alienati.

L'assicurazione contro i sinistri derivanti dal caso fortuito e dalla forza maggiore può formare, come la viabilità e la banca, un ramo di servizio pubblico; inteso nel senso di M.^r De Girardin, sarebbe una novella incarnazione della feudalità, un tornare indietro di due secoli.

Così dice il Proudhon ed a ragione.

Se non che, egli, pur respingendo la teorica dell'assicurazione, ritiene che l'imposta sia data non dal valore della protezione accordata a l'individuo, ma dal valore di costo del servizio stesso.

Ogni contribuente deve pagare allo Stato precisamente il valore di costo del servizio prodotto. L'imposta non è che l'aliquota da pagarsi da ogni cittadino per sopperire al mantenimento dei servizi pubblici. Principio questo suggerito al Proudhon dallo Chaunet, il quale definisce così il tributo:

« Il tributo non è che un'azione sottoscritta e pagata da ogni individuo, né la speranza legittima di cavarne un utile proporzionale.

Donde segue che la società deve in benefici e godimenti ad ogni contribuente un dividendo proporzionale alla rata d'imposta pagata. Da questa nozione si cava, ad avviso del Proudhon, il concetto informatore de l'imposta che in fondo non è altro che uno scambio.

Tutto ciò che lo Stato dà ai cittadini in servizi d'ogni sorta dev'essere l'equivalente esatto di quello che domanda loro sotto forma d'imposta.

Assimilare lo Stato ad una branca della produzione è quasi un'irriverenza, un sacrilegio. Ma gli affari, dice il Proudhon, non sono suscettibili di misticismo.

Essi hanno per formula il pareggio dei conti e, quand'anche si persistesse a fare dello Stato un'emanazione diretta de la divinità, non verrebbe perciò meno la contabilità in materia d'imposta. Lo Stato non è solo la giustizia, la polizia, la diplomazia, la guerra. È innanzi tutto una gestione di interessi collettivi; a tal uopo ed indipendentemente dall'importanza sua, alla quale nessun'altra agglomerazione d'interessi sarebbe comparabile, esso è assoggettato alla legge rigorosa del dare e dell'avere o più semplicemente allo scambio.

Posta siffatta premessa, si domanda il Proudhon:

Quale è il prezzo naturale dei servigi resi dallo Stato? — Alla quale domanda risponde senza esitare: il prezzo di costo, senza profitto di sorta.

Ne ciò è tutto.

Perché si dia l'imposta, fa d'uopo inoltre che i servigi resi dallo Stato siano riproduttivi d'utilità, cioè siano corrispondenti a dei bisogni reali che l'interesse pubblico reclama. La legge dell'offerta e della do-

manda coinvolge, dice il Proudhon; così lo stato come i privati. Già prima, nel suo volume *Contradictions économiques*, parlando incidentalmente dell'imposta, il Proudhon aveva detto:

« L'idée originaire de l'impôt est celle d'un rachat; comme par la loi de Moïse, chaque premier nè était censé appartenir à Jehovah et devait être racheté par une offrande, ainsi l'impôt se présente partout sous les formes d'une dîme ou d'un droit régalien, par le quel le propriétaire rachète chaque année du souverain le bénéfice d'exploitation qu'il est censé ne tenir que de lui.

Egli è solo più tardi nel 1860, quando gli venne fatto di presentare la sua memoria sulla teorica dell'imposta al Concorso bandito dal Consiglio di Stato del Cantone di Vaud, che lasciò il suo concetto primitivo alle età precesse, in cui vigeva il diritto antico teocratico-feudale, per escogitare una teorica tributaria meglio rispondente al diritto moderno, fondata sullo scambio e sulla concorrenza economico-privata.

La teorica dello scambio di servigi pub-

blici con ricchezze private ideata dal Proudhon a base e fondamento dell'imposta, è tutt'altro che esatta ed accettabile.

Basta semplicemente obbiettare questo: che essa presuppone, a detta del Ricca-Salerno, la coesistenza di beni permutabili ed una parità di condizioni tra le parti contraenti — i cittadini e lo Stato — che sono contraddette dalla realtà. E per vero, è contraddetta dalla realtà la coesistenza di beni permutabili ne l'imposta, servigi da una parte, beni materiali dell'altra e tra gli uni e gli altri il rapporto di scambio, secondo le relazioni del valore oggettivo.

Perché una siffatta coesistenza sussista, fa d'uopo che i servigi resi dallo Stato costituiscano materia di valore, beni permutabili, scambiantisi secondo rapporti dipendenti dalle loro condizioni intrinseche, obbiettivamente uniformi ed invariabili. Il che è assolutamente contraddetto dalla realtà, la quale non ci presenta altrimenti i servigi che come bisogni soggetti a norme di valore meramente subiettivo e perciò incerte e malferme,

Il concetto dello scambio nell'imposizione tributaria si rannoda direttamente al principio de l'imposta secondo l'interesse o secondo la prestazione che, a detta del Wagner, può anche chiamarsi il principio economico-privato de l'imposta, perchè appunto scaturisce dal concetto fondamentale del sistema economico privato: lo *scambio*.

In base a questo principio, si ammette che l'imposta abbia raggiunto il suo obbiettivo, quando abbia dato luogo alla equazione tra la prestazione, rappresentata dal pagamento dell'imposta, ed il valore che il contribuente riceve in iscambio dai pubblici servizi dello Stato,

A questo concetto indubbiamente si avvicina il Rau, quando afferma che la ripartizione de l'imposta deve aver luogo tra i cittadini che ricevono dei vantaggi dallo Stato, secondo il rispettivo grado di partecipazione agli stessi.

Il fondo della teorica è lo stesso, comunque la si appelli: *teorica del godimento*, *teorica dell'assicurazione*, *teorica dello scambio* o *teorica della prestazione e contro-prestazione*.

O si dica col Jacob che ognuno contribuer deve alle spese pubbliche in ragione della sua più o meno larga partecipazione all'utilità generale dello Stato ed in proporzione delle sue forze e dell'ammontare dei beni posti sotto la salvaguardia e la protezione delle istituzioni.

O si dica con lo Smith, come vedemmo, che la ripartizione dell'imposta deve aver luogo in proporzione del reddito, di cui ciascun cittadino gode sotto la protezione dello Stato — *in proportion of the revenue, which the subjects enjoy under the protection of the state.*

O si dica col Montesquien: « *le revenus de l'état sont une portion que chaque citoyen donne pour avoir la sûreté de l'autre, ou pour en jouir agréablement* ».

Il risultato pratico, a cui si giunge, è sempre l'erronea generalizzazione del principio delle tasse, erigentesi non già sulla solida base di rapporti economici fondamentali, ma sulla mobile arena di concetti imprecisi e malfermi di *do ut des*, di scambio, di prestazione e controprestazione.

Échange, échange, échange

C'est tout que vous savez, dice il Lassalle allo Schultze.

Ce mot épuise tout le contenu de vos notions économique. Vous n'avez pas le moindre entendement des formes économiques, beaucoup plus élevées et plus précises.

Tout ce que vous voulez éclaircir, tous les phénomènes économiques, beaucoup plus élevés et plus déterminés, se transforment entre vos mains et à votre insu en simple échange.

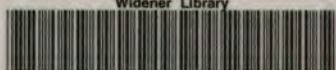
G. Capone

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